

# The Freeman

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Birkenhead put forth a line of reasoning different from that to which we are accustomed from most of his propagandizing fellow-countrymen. With refreshing candour he omitted altogether from his exposition such matters as morality, humanity and the heart of the world. If we could afford a policy of isolation, well and good; but he was confident that enlightened self-interest would lead us to take a hand in the work of bolstering-up the European Governments and thereby restoring our markets on that Continent. Without our help, he was doubtful if those markets could be restored; and he was confident that the sturdy farmers of our great West would see the problem through his spectacles.

THIS argument is fair enough on the surface, but it indicates that during his voyage Lord Birkenhead suffered a sea-change. In his own country he has been one of the conspicuous figures in the steadily-growing band of isolationists. He and his colleagues have urged that Britain would do well to turn her back upon Europe, to withdraw from every sort of joint responsibility with France, and allow her folly to run its course; and meanwhile to cultivate the imperial garden and develop on other continents the markets temporarily lost in Europe. Lord Birkenhead is of course a figure of distinction and experience. His record as a lieutenant of Carson in Ulster, and as a fautor of the Black and Tans under Lloyd George, makes him an authority on the problems of democracy; and his opinions are entitled to the respect which his record demands. None the less, there is a discrepancy as wide as a barn-door between the policy he advocates at home, and the advice he tenders to his simple-minded American cousins; and it seems odd that no one in his audience at Williamstown was moved to ask him to reconcile the difference.

WHILE we are talking about doing something for Europe, it will be just as well for us to consider a suggestion put out by Count Kessler at the Institute of Politics at Williamstown. The Count suggests that by way of helping Germany, we might cut the import-duty on German goods, and thus permit trade to resume its natural course. There is no reason, to be sure, why German goods alone should be put on the free list, for Europe in general stands in need of this same stimulus to a normal commerce. Thus expanded, Count Kessler's suggestion promises great benefit to this country, as well as to the peoples overseas; in fact it is worth more than a whole bale of Democratic Leagues, Republican World Courts, and other political what-nots, and it is therefore to be expected that our politicians will let it strictly alone.

WE have learned to expect little of educational value from the utterances of American college presidents, and therefore it gives us all the more pleasure to refer to some recent remarks of Dr. Henry Noble MacCracken of Vassar. Education, declared Dr. MacCracken, can not flourish against a background of racial prejudice and chauvinism. He had found this true during his recent tour in Europe, and finds it no less true here. He particularly served a warning against "the false gospel of Nordic superiority," which, he intimated, rested on a

## CURRENT COMMENT.

WE observed the very remarkable and striking statement in last week's papers that Mr. Coolidge will adopt a "reasonable" attitude towards the thirty-odd political prisoners who, to the everlasting shame and disgrace of the United States, are still kept in durance vile. It is a most extraordinary word to use in such a connexion, but we have nowhere seen it challenged. The papers ran it in quotation-marks, so the implication is that it was taken from some authoritative statement. What other than a reasonable attitude could an honest Executive properly maintain towards such a question—indeed, towards any public question?

THE utter vacuity of such a statement is well seen in the language of a special dispatch to the *New York World*, which says, "The attitude of the President, it was made known to-day, is that there should be no inhibition of the right of free speech. This, it was explained, is regarded by the Executive as one of the fundamentals of the Constitution." Really!—and how else, pray, could an honest Executive regard it? But the dispatch proceeds, "However, when this expression of opinion is for the purpose of inducing or of bringing about a violation of the law, another case is presented." For sheer mongrel shabbiness, this statement, we think, deserves honourable mention among the myriad of despicable tergiversations that have emanated from the White House on this subject since the spring of 1917. The fact is that these men are in jail in direct contravention of their Constitutional right; that it was a criminal outrage to put them there in the first place, and it is a criminal outrage to keep them there now; and that the promise of a "reasonable" attitude towards their case, is the sheer impudent presumption of bureaucratic anarchism.

MR. FRED E. SMITH, better known under his elevation to title as Lord Birkenhead—best known, and most unfavourably, by the title of Galloper Smith, bestowed on him by reason of his earlier activities in Ireland—is galloping about our not-too-arid American Free State with arguments that we would serve ourselves by entering the European snarl. In his speech at Williamstown, Lord

basis of romance rather than on one of substantial scientific proof; and he deduced that arrogant racial doctrines of that character fertilized Ku Klux Klans and similar forms of riotous bigotry. It strikes us that the American people could stand a great deal more of this sort of common-sense talk from educators in high places. We are glad to see Dr. MacCracken setting an example to the multitude of his more servile and timid colleagues.

THIS week the national comedy-bill has been of exceptional quality and fragrance. In the city of New Rochelle, New York, a statue of Venus and Adonis was set up on the lawn of the public library, then covered for four days with an army pup-tent, under guard of the police, and finally removed to the storage-room of the Metropolitan Museum. Out in Texas a similar situation arose recently when an art-club undertook as its first official act the purchase of a Venus de Milo, and the installation of the statue in the town library. On the night of the ceremonial presentation, the trustees of the library absented themselves, by common consent; the members of the art-club took the hint, and immediately withdrew their Venus into private quarters! In Kalamazoo (how reminiscent that name is of vaudeville patter!) the blush of modesty comes still more readily to the cheek; in Kalamazoo, the City Commission has voted favourably on the first reading of a bill to prohibit dancing-partners from gazing into one another's eyes! All this would be very fine and commendable if human beings were disembodied spirits, and all the facts of life were in accord with the ideas of the small East-Sider who defined the Stoic as "the boid that brings the babies."

AMONG the evils that the League of Nations was pledged to do away with was the most direct—though least important—form of human slavery, under which a certain class in a population is held as saleable property. Committees of the League have passed some feeble resolutions on the subject, after the manner of such bodies, and they have been making some attempt to gather statistics on slavery, in which effort they are receiving a little encouragement from some of the major Governments. Lord Curzon, for instance, on behalf of the British Foreign Office, has expressed polite regrets that his reports on this delicate matter within the British Commonwealth of Free Nations were at least four years old, and utterly unworthy for presentation to the League. In spite of the official tendency to put the muffler on the whole subject, a number of publicists of the meaner sort are persistently keeping it open, and it engages considerable attention in the respectable liberal press.

SOME time after the British Government had bestowed on itself a mandate for German East Africa, it was revealed that there were 185,000 slaves in that territory. Some months ago the British Government announced that it had issued a proclamation abolishing the traffic, but it is uncertain whether any of the human chattels have actually gained their freedom, except perhaps "in principle." In Abyssinia, the Government of which is "guaranteed in integrity and sovereignty" jointly by Great Britain, France and Italy, there are said to be a million slaves. Travellers in that country have reported that not uncommonly one comes upon gangs of slaves yoked together, and it has been established that mutilations and other horrible cruelties are practised by the masters. In a discussion on the subject in Parliament, it was brought out that for a time at least British officials in Abyssinia found it convenient to adopt the custom of the country, for the native servants in the British consulate were slaves. One has to have servants, of course, and the spokesmen for

the Government explained that the only way the consulate could get them was to buy them. In fact, certain blunt-spoken British officials have stated that there is a surprising amount of this sort of domestic arrangement throughout the imperial domain in the East.

WHILE some of the organs of liberal opinion in England express great moral abhorrence for slavery in theory, they intimate that, in practice, sweeping measures against the evil might be ill-advised. Thus the London *Outlook*, while standing for the abolition of chain-gangs and mutilations, takes the view that no good end could be served by applying the principle of freedom to natives who have been "taken from an atmosphere of dirt, superstition and sleeping-sickness, and turned into domestic servants in clean and comparatively civilized surroundings." To us this point seems thoroughly reasonable, but we trust that the liberal brethren will not press it too far lest subversive persons make it serve the purpose of derisive argument for their peculiar ideas. Some subtle cranks are likely to mock at an imperial system in which slavery offers for a considerable element in the population a higher degree of security and well-being than freedom. As a corollary to this, they would be capable of suggesting that instead of setting free the million chattel slaves of Abyssinia, it would be better to extend the system to include the 1,200,000 free men in England who are unable to find employment. As slaves they would at least be assured of food and housing, like horses, oxen and other forms of live property; and, after all, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are minor considerations, if one can not find the means of life. There is no limit, apparently, to the lengths of viciousness to which the subversive elements will stretch their arguments against the established social order; and perhaps, under the circumstances, the less said about this whole subject of slavery, the better.

THE poor Germans should pray to be delivered from their friends. Every time somebody expostulates with the French about the invasion of the Ruhr, the French reply by cabbaging some more German property. The real reply to Lord Curzon's note did not come from M. Poincaré's pen; it was in the grab of three more coal mines in the Gelsenkirchen district, and thirty-five billion marks in Düsseldorf. We wonder what will happen to the poor souls when the League of Nations takes a hand in the proceedings, as certain correspondents have hinted of late it may do.

MR. MAYNARD KEYNES, for example, says in the New York *World*: "It is impossible after this that we should not proceed to invoke the full force of the covenant of the League. For the first time, the covenant is clothed with power and majesty, and steps out of the clouds to the dusty floor of Europe." Ain't that just too stunning for anything? Again, the *World's* Paris correspondent offers this splendid effort of the imagination: "I believe it to be a fact that the Assembly [of the League of Nations, which is to hold a meeting shortly] supported by all save M. Hanotaux in the Council, intends trying to put the League on the map once and for all, and by means of thorough-going, red-blooded action, and let the world judge." May we be there to see! Think of all this rubbish about that poor old scarecrow, the League of Nations, uttered merely to cover up a first-class diplomatic defeat of the British Government by the French! What nonsense!

THE French were continuing the work of illustrious predecessors, from Francis I, Richelieu and Louis XIV on down, when they ran special trains to Coblenz for the

Rhineland separatists' convention, requisitioned the Festhalle for the proceedings, and held a guard in readiness to suppress any hostile demonstration. The French Government would be very well suited by a partition of Germany, even if there were no actual cessions to France. A subservient Confederation of the Rhine, on the model of that erected by Napoleon I, is perhaps the objective toward which French official policy is working; but in Paris it seems to be forgotten that external pressure exerted by Napoleon I and his illustrious successor Napoleon III, was one of the chief factors in bringing about the unification of Germany. As we see it, the likelihood of the permanent success of the particularist movement in Germany is diminished rather than increased by French support. The French are trying to promote disintegration of Germany, but actually they seem to be rolling the country together more solidly than ever.

WHEN the Turkish peace-negotiations were concluded at Lausanne, it was stated from London that the Russian Government would sign the Straits Convention conceding to British and other war-vessels a free entry to the Black Sea. It was noteworthy that Moscow issued no official statement on the subject, and we have seen no reports that the Russian signature has been affixed to that document. In a recent semi-official summary of the results at Lausanne from the Russian point of view, it is made clear that if the Russian Government confirms the convention it will be solely because that Government attaches some practical value to the recognition implied in having its signature stand on an international document beside the signature of the British and French Governments. "Even should the Russian Government accept the Entente invitation to sign the Dardanelles agreement," runs the statement, "this does not in the least signify that Soviet Russia in any way alters her fundamental attitude on the Straits question." The writer adds that Russia has no illusions about the permanence of such scraps of paper. "If she signs this treaty, she does so in the consciousness that it mirrors the balance of comparative power at the moment. As soon as this balance of power changes, a new situation arises, and Soviet Russia will not be restrained by a so-called recognition from relentlessly utilizing the new position."

THE Government's recent installation of a mail-service by air-plane between the Atlantic and the Pacific Coasts, with delivery in twenty-seven hours, was made the theme for considerable laudation in the press hereabouts. After the first arrival from San Francisco, the *New York World* served up as illustration for its news-story a copy of the front page of the *San Francisco Chronicle* which had been conveyed across the continent in a little over one day. The eight-column streamer across the front page of the *Chronicle* read: "Bandits Kill Poker Player." Other front-page head-lines ran as follows: "Musical Comedy Stars Revealed as Agents in N. Y. Bucket-Shop Quiz," "Mrs. Kerr Fined Ten Dollars for Battery of Woman While Whipping Spouse," "Liquor Sleuths Go Boardwalking. Hit Big Resort." It may be an advantage to be able to put one's hands on this sort of thing in one day instead of four, but we confess to some doubt in the premises. We have plenty of journalistic trash along our own coast, without facilitating the importation of similar wares from the Pacific. When the railways came in, Thoreau remarked that the value of getting from one place to another more expeditiously depended on whether one's destination contained a society that made it worth while. As we cast an eye over the reproduction of the front page of the *Chronicle*, we recalled the suspicions of that homely philosopher.

ACCORDING to figures which have recently been gathered from official sources in Europe, but have not received over-much publicity, there are to-day some ten million disabled and mutilated veterans of the world-war in the various combatant countries, compelled to live upon public bounty. This army of human wreckage is an impressive by-product of the great struggle. At a time when the armament-race has been renewed with redoubled energy, and the imperialist politicians in every country are frantically jockeying for position against the next conflict, this grim roster of human sacrifice would seem to be worthy of philosophic consideration on the part of good people everywhere. We commend the subject to some of our optimistic newspaper-editors who are wont to work up considerable enthusiasm over playing with statistics of far less significance than these.

NEW YORK CITY put a stop to the rise of house-rents, and stimulated building, by the simple expedient of exempting certain classes of residence-structure from taxation. This is now acknowledged by the United Real Estate Owners Association in a formal report. Well, then, if tax-exemption brought about these excellent results when practised so cautiously and in such a sharply limited way, may we not infer that it would be a good thing for further experimentation? Why not try extending the time of these exemptions and enlarging the classes of structure to which they are applicable? If it is profitable to exempt new dwellings of a certain type for ten years, why not other types, and for twenty years? The Owners Association reports also that the city itself made money under the arrangement; land-assessments rose everywhere and yielded a fine crop of new taxes. If the city comes out ahead, and the householders and tenants come out ahead, it would seem that the only one who stands a chance to lose is the speculator, and somehow we can not worry about him as much as some do. Perhaps there may be too much of a good thing even in exemptions, but we think, on the showing of the Owners Association, that there would be no risk in a little more.

THE insane passion for lawmaking once moved a clever Englishman to say that when Parliament had nothing else to do, it could always create a new crime. That is the price that must be paid for the blessings of government by a lawyers' soviet, and in these times one thinks of it with consternation. When one sees the immense grist of sumptuary and repressive legislation that is ground out nowadays, one recalls with satisfaction an anecdote of Peter the Great. This marvellously able and gifted creature of instinct once visited England to learn shipbuilding. He worked in the shipyards with furious energy by day, and caroused with his fellow-workmen at night, and, all told, was as unconventional a royal guest as England ever entertained. One day he saw Lincoln's Inn, and was amazed to learn that so large a structure was tenanted exclusively by lawyers. "Lawyers?" he roared, "Why there are only two lawyers in all my empire, and I am seriously thinking of hanging one of them as soon as I reach home."

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## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### M. POINCARÉ LAYS ABOUT HIM.

M. POINCARÉ's recent reply to Lord Curzon's fifty-five points was couched in the tone of a man who is confident that God is on the side of the heaviest bombing-planes. The head of the French Government was both voluminous and curt, and obviously in the process of composition he was guided by consideration for the susceptibilities of his French constituents in connexion with the coming election, rather than by consideration for the feelings of Messrs. Baldwin and Curzon, or even those of Mr. Hughes. M. Poincaré's pen spattered his communication with epigrams that may prove useful on the hustings, such as, "Each pound and each dollar that France owes England or the United States represents Allied blood saved. The gold marks we ask of Germany represent Allied blood shed." In the midst of his thrusts at the British Government, M. Poincaré delivered a lusty sideswipe at Mr. Hughes in connexion with the latter's suggestion that a body of "impartial experts" be called in to determine what Germany could pay. M. Poincaré pointed out that under the sacred treaty of Versailles such a body was in fact created in the form of the Reparations Commission. This Commission, he asserted, was sufficiently expert and impartial for him, and a new group of assessors would be clearly supererogatory, and disrespectful to the treaty; besides, no one could really estimate the ability of Germany to pay.

Of Lord Curzon's fifty-five points, M. Poincaré agreed with only one—Lord Curzon's pious wish that Germany might pay. He was non-committal on four. As for the remaining fifty, with perfect courtesy and precision he knocked them severally into so many cocked hats. Certain British editors and politicians draw hopeful conclusions from both the volume of M. Poincaré's letter and the style. They seem to think that since the French Premier was not directly insulting or threatening, the note may open the way for some accommodation. The attitude of these gentlemen indicate that they have reached such an amazing state of humble-mindedness that they are willing to consider any communication from M. Poincaré, short of a declaration of war, as something of a triumph for British diplomacy.

M. Poincaré stated that his Government demands from Germany 26 billion gold marks, plus the amount of France's debt to Great Britain and the United States, which, with accrued interest, amounts to some 27 billion gold marks more. He declared vehemently that the French Government had no intention of repudiating its debt to Great Britain and the United States, but it was unable to discuss the matter of payment until Germany had wiped the slate clean. Similarly he declared with a show of indignation that his Government had no intention of annexing the Ruhr or other German territory, but that French forces would continue to occupy the Ruhr as a guarantee until Germany had paid in full. Under the circumstances M. Poincaré's disavowals seem mere matters of etiquette. A formal repudiation of the debt to Great Britain and the United States would be superfluous after M. Poincaré makes it contingent on an impossibility. As for the Ruhr, there are safer ways to disjoin it from Germany than by direct annexation. In the case of the Saar Valley, it will be recalled, M. Clemenceau was content to take only the mines, leaving the territory to be administered for a period of years under a Commission with a French executive,

appointed by the League of Nations. At first he demanded annexation of the Saar on the ground that Louis XIV had maintained a French outpost there for a period of years, and because of the "substantial" French population—there were at the time about one hundred Frenchmen resident in the territory, out of a population of one million. However, when Mr. Wilson expressed some scruples about annexation, M. Clemenceau yielded gracefully, and agreed to take merely the natural resources.

M. Poincaré was particularly forcible with Lord Curzon's suggestion that the occupation of the Ruhr might be looked on as a disturbance to international peace, and as such could be made subject to review by the League of Nations. M. Poincaré stated bluntly that his Government would not tolerate a review of the matter by the League or the World Court. "We can not for one moment allow such discussion of our actions," he concluded, thus neatly thrusting both League and Court through the bosom.

In his note M. Poincaré made a vague reference to the happy state of Austria since she surrendered to the League and became a sort of dependency of the international bankers. It is noteworthy that some of the British newspapers have caught this up with enthusiasm and are speculating hopefully on the possibility that a way out may be found by arranging a similar dispensation for Germany. We remarked recently that some such scheme ought to have an irresistible attraction for the Allied politicians; and it is possible that the German Government might be persuaded to look favourably upon it as the only means of holding the country together as a political unit. It would be an odd thing if the result of the German revolution proved to be the setting up of a dictatorship of the international bankers; but under their present leadership probably the German Socialist workers have little better to expect. It is not unlikely the scheme will receive some earnest discussion from the French Premier and the British Premier when they meet in the course of Mr. Baldwin's vacation-joint in the territory of his beloved ally.

We infer that there will be no more notes for a time. The British Government dragged the controversy about the Ruhr into the open, and in the resulting exchange of discourtesies it did not come out top dog; so Mr. Baldwin is apparently willing to duck under again and carry on the conversations with his friend and ally in a sealed chamber in the traditional manner of diplomacy. Meanwhile the British press continues to view with various degrees of sorrow and anger the distressing perversity of M. Poincaré and his Government. The London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* has issued a solemn warning that France is headed straight for "moral isolation." We suspect that such melancholy prophecies will not greatly disturb M. Poincaré. With Belgium, Poland and the Little Entente all firmly sewed into the French pattern, and with his great flock of birds of death, he can be content for the present to leave the moralities to the British, who have something of a natural monopoly in such things anyway.

### A ROOT OF BITTERNESS.

It strikes us most forcibly that the system of extra-legal sanctions, and what passes under the name of "invisible government," have reached a point of development where they demand a little more serious notice than they have been receiving. By serious notice, we mean intellectually serious, not morally serious. They have moral seriousness enough, in all conscience, be-

stowed on them day by day; they are denounced and deplored, viewed with alarm and observed with indignation, by newspaper-editors and publicists all over the land. Moral seriousness, however, will not make up for intellectual levity; and we can not help believing that if a few editors and publicists would leave off regarding these disquieting phenomena as presenting a problem in morals to be met by preaching and platitude, and regard them as presenting a problem in national culture, to be met by analysis and exposition, they would put us in a better way to deal with them.

For example, it does not help matters greatly to inveigh against the notorious extra-legal political domination of the Anti-Saloon League, or the exuberance of the Ku Klux Klan as expressed in various floggings, tarrings, night-ridings and the like. It does little good to become indignant over the organized local petty tyranny of various semi-commercial, semi-social clubs—the tyranny which is so vividly depicted by Mr. Sinclair Lewis in the last few chapters of "Babbitt," and which came to its finest flower in inducing patriotism during the early days of the war. No doubt these manifestations are very bad. No doubt, too, we should be told that they are very bad; we are far from intimating that the moral element is negligible or to be disparaged. Our point is merely that viewing them exclusively as a matter of morals does not greatly help to abate them. At best, it only stimulates zeal for their abatement; it does not give any direction to this zeal, and as everybody knows, undirected or misdirected zeal is far more to be dreaded than apathy. The really helpful thing would be resolutely to attack the question, How does a people get that way? The inquiry should be broadened beyond special questions; it is not to the point to ask why the Ku Klux Klan should come into existence, or the Anti-Saloon League, or the various special clubs and associations, but rather to ask why such an immense number of people should choose to express and assert themselves in these extra-legal ways. The Ku Klux Klan is not the thing to be considered; rather, we think, one should search out and identify one by one the conditions which generate and foster the spirit that now expresses itself in the peculiar tenets and doings of the Ku Klux Klan.

We now bring forward one of those conditions, just to start the ball rolling, because our primary idea is not so much to talk about them ourselves as to get other people to think about them independently. The spirit which flowers in the Ku Klux Klan, and *mutatis mutandis* in the other organizations to which we have referred, has at least one root, and a very stout one, struck deep in a fundamental distrust of law and government as a means of establishing its own social desires and purposes; it also distrusts law and government as either just enough or powerful enough to take cognizance of its own extra-legal attempts to establish those desires and purposes. It will not work for its purposes through republican institutions because, for one reason or another—reflecting quite as unfavourably, no doubt, upon the purposes as upon the institutions—it has no confidence in them. It works through methods of its own, methods of terrorism and dragooning, because it believes that law and government are pliable enough (more interested in votes, that is, than in the vindication of their own impartiality) to disregard the challenge.

This argues two possibilities; first, that the heart of man is deceitful and desperately wicked. Well, we have always had grave doubts of this, but we are in a conciliatory mood to-day, and disposed to concede this to the moralists and let them make as much of it as

they please. Second, it argues the possibility that our system of law and government is such as to encourage most powerfully the fundamental distrust that we refer to; and here we hope to find the representatives of law and government a little conciliatory too, and willing to look at the suggestion dispassionately.

We have often spoken disrespectfully of law and lawyers, and we have been pained to find that it was only respect-worthy members of the profession who gave voice to a sense of grievance against us. Instead of regarding us as friends who wished to show what might be an effective measure towards dealing with disorders which we detest as deeply as they do, they looked upon our well-meant efforts with suspicion. We therefore speak to them directly, and ask them to give us one more chance.

Is there any better breeding-ground for the spirit of the Ku Klux Klan than statute-books cluttered with laws which plain common sense appraises at once as unenforceable or superfluous or silly or unjust or designed to serve a special interest or, from the standpoint of natural and inalienable rights, as unwarranted and oppressive? We think not. Is it not true, moreover, that the statute-books of the United States, Federal, State and municipal, are far more heavily cluttered with laws like these than those of any country under the sun? We think so—is there any doubt about it? Is there a country where the whole work of making and administering laws has been from the very beginning less informed by the spirit of abstract justice and more by the spirit of partiality, exception and favour? We greatly doubt it.

Well, then, what can one expect? There may be, and no doubt are, other factors in bringing about these irruptions of the mob-spirit, but we content ourselves with bringing forth this one, about which we believe there can be no question. It comes back to the point which we have many times set forth, that if the law is to be respected, it must be made respectable; and the law in America is not and has never been worthy even of one-tenth of the respect that it gets. We ourselves, on philosophical grounds, have little interest in statutory law of any kind; but that is another matter. We are now addressing those who have some sort of faith, which we have not, in the repressive and regulative power, or even regenerative power, of statutory law; and we point out to them in all seriousness what appears to us to be the straight line of causation between the character of law and law-making in America and the phenomena of anarchy that have of late so rapidly multiplied.

#### FROM PALOS TO BALTIMORE.

IN the year 1492, on board the "Nina," the "Pinta," and "Santa Maria," soon after the Huelvan shore had dropped below the horizon, there must have been some fevered talk about land; such expectant, courageous, troubled talk as never caravels heard before. Some talk of land there must have been at that time in the court of Castile, and yet of a different kind and not about the same land that Columbus was to find.

Thereafter, for many a long year in Europe, there was such talk of land as never before in all history. Chartered companies of adventurers succeeded one another almost as swiftly as miners staked their claims in '49. Great slices and hunks of the new land were handed out; the bounds beginning at the sea, and often ending no man knew where. A kingly prodigality it was indeed. Fancy the conversation about land that flowed from the watering mouths about the council tables in London and Bristol, where charters were

being schemed for, or, having been won, plans were being made for their exploitation. Those men knew the land-business as well as the sharks of Flatbush or Los Angeles know it to-day. They were not interested in any of the silly idealisms of their day. They knew that the new land would be settled; that settlement would add value to the land; that steadily, for years and years, there would be juicy pickings for those who came early and had but the patience to wait for the inflowing tide of population.

Thus, true to their prospectus, in three hundred years the land of the new continent passed into private possession. The principle that inspired the adventurers and speculators of the seventeenth century still dominates the use and tenure of land in the twentieth century; and a very simple principle it is too. Get possession of land, and make people pay to use it. The more people there are the more you charge. Nothing like it was ever discovered as an economic strangle-hold. In the United States of America it has been extraordinarily profitable, for here people herded themselves faster than ever before. They built villages, towns, cities; they squatted and staked and camped. In the mad race to skim the cream of land-values induced by the ever-growing herds, as they raced and roamed, burrowed and built, bartered and swapped, traded and dickered, all seeking a fair vantage point from which to take tribute of those present and to come, there grew such agglomerations of streets and buildings as Europe had not been able to produce in ten centuries. In truth, no such congestion had ever before been seen. The walled towns of the Middle Ages were huddled, but human herding in America, with limitless acres still untrod, led to skyscrapers, traffic-cops and subways, and these were a climax—though not the end!

To be sure, it was the age of the machine. The speeding-up process grew ever in intensity. Railways straddled the prairies, crawled over the mountains, honeycombed the valleys, at the will and the whim of their promoters. Faster and faster rose the cities. Bigness was the cry. "Give us Bigness!" cried the growing ones. "Give us Biggerness!" cried their rivals. "Give us Biggestness!" cried the favoured seaport—and Bigness, Biggerness and Biggestness now is ours. Slowly the countryside waned; surely the life of skill and craft passed away. The lure of the city was like a magnet, men said, conveniently forgetting that it was the rent taken for land that drove men there, just as it drove the peasants into Rome, drained the empire of its life-blood, and left ruin as its inescapable result. But no one paid heed to history; getting to the city became the universal hope, and so great a hope that our whole system of education was put to the task of training people to live in cities.

There was not so much audible talk about land, by this time, although still a plenty. The principle of permitting individuals to appropriate socially-created land-values had passed into the quiet realm of respectability. It had been established by legality, sanctified by the Church, and was generally accepted as the natural law. Always, now here, now there, wandered the "boomers" of towns, who skinned their fellows who, in their turn, hoped to skin a new flock without delay. Openly in avowed speculation, or quietly in home-ownership, every landowner had but two thoughts: first, to keep his land-values from being injured by some private or public activity; second, to unload his land when, through social activity, the unearned value had risen to a point where the profit suited. Landowning became a universal speculation,

and so it still remains; and it is the real basis of the boom for Bigness, if only we had the sense to see it.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century, the havoc wrought by land-madness had grown intolerable. Cities were becoming unworkable. Slums were eating at human beings, morally and physically, like sores on a leper. Buildings began to soar towards the sky in the vain effort to capitalize the ever-rising price of land. But the prices soared away and left the buildings, left congestion, left shaky investments, uncertainty, instability, an ever-rising cost of building, an ever-declining quality of building. Rents danced upward, ever upward. Rooms dwindled and shrank. An unreckonable ingenuity was poured out upon devising thinner walls, thinner floors, thinner ceilings, thinner partitions. Maddier and madder grew the race after the elusive land-value, which outran every effort to hold it, every effort to capitalize it into a building-venture. Then came the era of all but impassable streets, subways turned into stockyards, with people clamouring for more of them; street-railways bankrupt and saved only by doubling fares, and then not saved, as time will show; railways a litter of stocks and bonds; farmers bankrupt; Europe falling to pieces; and what next, who knows?

Who knows? Read the Proceedings of the Fifteenth National Conference on City Planning, held at Baltimore last May. Here are the gentlemen who know all about these things. These gentlemen, among whom is he "who makes crooked cities straight,"—will plan you, and zone you, and regulate you, and stabilize you, and increase you, and prosper you, all with the magic of a Plan. This year there was much talk about Regional Planning, the latest fad in planning, the last decoration in the show-window. City-planning has about petered out; something seemed always to eat up the results before they arrived, and the taxpayers who did not get theirs, lost faith. But now, when the planners blither about their latest device of Regional Planning, and tell us piously that "everything possible should be done to counteract the sordidness of most larger agglomerations and to bring back to the environment of the city-dweller the charm that he craves," do they mention land-values, and tell where they go and who gets them? No, indeed—their talk is shop-jabber; they speak in terms of acres, areas, districts, fields, frontages, grounds, lots, parks, plats, plots, preserves, reservations, sites, spaces, strips, suburbs, subdivisions, territories, tracts. As for the word *land*, it is mentioned some threescore times in the record of three days proceedings, now and then as by forgetfulness—delicately, deferentially, diffidently—and always with the large implication that when the planners have sold their wares and we have been regulated, planned, and zoned, the social benefits will in no way affect the owners of land or their freedom to carry on speculation, appropriate increments, and generally go on as before. There are hints of "curbing," to be sure, and mention of marvellous statistics about the "load on the land," meaning not a problem in pure physics, as one might perhaps opine, but the number of persons that it is safe to crowd, alive, on a square foot without risking bolshevism, or inviting such a death-rate as will injure values.

The president of the congress tells us that "investigation would seem to show that some of the chief reasons why the workers will not move out of the neighbourhood of the outlying industrial plants is because it is difficult to find desirable cheap housing in the vicinity," and almost in the same breath says this: "Tests in a number of cities show that the square foot

of ground per worker in industrial districts varies from about thirty in the Manhattan loft-districts and fifty in the textile- and shoe-mills of Massachusetts, up to about 1500 square feet per worker in the varied and rather open industry of Elizabeth, N. J., and up to a maximum of about 4000 square feet per worker in the heavy open industrial districts of the Newark meadows. *The cost of land varies roughly in inverse ratio to the above areas per worker.*"

The conference might very well have ended at this point and let it go at that, for the subsequent proceedings do not show that anybody regarded this "inverse ratio" as anything that need interfere with the sale of the planning-wares. Only once, from the lips of Colonel Sherrill of Washington, does one get any inkling of what is the matter. When Colonel Sherrill narrates the history of the scandalous land-operations of the Government at Washington (even though he was but mentioning the difficulty of buying back park-land in the District of Columbia at the present time) he very plainly tells what the trouble is, and where to begin doing something about it. As for planning—whether of towns, cities, villages or regions—without arranging to turn the land-increments back into the treasury of the community, or without deflating the sinister capitalizations that are already eating their cancerous way toward making human life insupportable, one might as well blow soap-bubbles as a cure for hunger.

What it is difficult to discover from all this chatter at Baltimore, is this: Are these self-styled "planners" as unknowing as they appear, or do they fear to discuss the established practice of tossing socially created land-values to private owners, lest the said private owners will have none of them and their wares? We are perfectly willing to give them the benefit of the doubt, but since they must be either the one or the other, we remark simply that in either case, they are in a sorry plight.

## MISCELLANY.

THERE was food for thought, no doubt, in Mr. Webster's satiric cartoon, syndicated last week under the caption, "The Great American Sense of Humour." It showed a group of Mr. Webster's delightful male types in front of a fruit-store, laughing heartily at the display of a bare banana-stalk, and beside it a sign bearing the single word, "Yes." The American's sense of humour is pretty regularly a sense of fun; really, he has not much humour about him. The country has produced some good humorists, one or two indeed of the very first order, but they were understood and appreciated mostly as fun-makers and never got very far with their native audiences on the strength of their humour. It is remarkable, for example, how completely alien Mr. F. P. Dunne's marvellous humour was to his native audience, even while he was at the height of his popularity as a fun-maker, and how alien it has remained ever since.

FUN and fun-making are not to be disparaged, however, and Mr. Webster would probably be the last to disparage them. America, practically destitute of humour, has gone farther than any other country in the exploitation of fun, and mostly in a creditable way. The dramatization by Mr. Connolly and Mr. Kaufmann of "Merton of the Movies" is as good an example of this kind of thing as I have seen lately. There is not a grain of humour anywhere in it, and it makes no demand whatever upon histrionic ability; it is actor-proof. But there is a whole deal of fun in it; and it makes fun of just the right

things in just the right way, with never a single failure in good taste and good temper, so one enjoys it hugely. I have not read the novel upon which the dramatization is based, and hence I do not know how much of all this excellence is due to the author, and how much to the dramatizers; but whosoever it may be, it is there.

THE other day I turned up the best-managed bit of drollery that I have seen for a good while, and I wish I could say where I saw it, but I can not remember. It was in some publication from out West somewhere, and my impression is that it was in a college magazine, though I can not be sure. The little pleasantry had really a first-rate literary quality; it had subtlety, delicacy, freshness, and brought out its point as a very successful surprise. It ran thus: "Polly want a cracker?" asked the visitor, approaching the cage. "My name," interrupted the parrot, "is Oswald, and I am meditating. Do not disturb me." "A very extraordinary bird," said the hostess, apologetically. "He eats nothing but beans. My husband brought him out from somewhere back East last winter."

WE are to have an importation of dramatic and musical art this winter. The Opéra-Comique's forces are coming from Paris for a month, if it can be arranged, and this promises as well, probably, as any such transplantation can. I have not been in Paris for some years, but in my time there I always found the performances at the Opéra-Comique much more satisfying than those at the Opéra. One thing for which I hope, if the company should come, is that it will be as stiffly nationalistic as M. Poincaré himself in the matter of programme-making, and never once venture outside the roster of French opera. No companies do very well outside their native opera, and French companies perhaps poorest of all. Moreover, such French opera as has been vouchsafed us lately has been done in a fashion to make one want to hear it done authoritatively. Let us hear "Mireille," for instance, "La Juive," the "Pêcheurs des Perles" and "Roméo et Juliette" done as they should be done; also a native "Mignon" for once, and a "Jolie Fille de Perth," if possible; and for my part I shall not ask for a single note of "Samson," "Louise," "Sapho," "Werther" or "Thais." Then too, how one would delight oneself in hearing the true opéra-bouffe, of which the French hold a natural monopoly—the "Grande Duchesse," for example. One's mouth waters at the thought of it.

THE promise of Madame Duse's visit, however, gives one a feeling of apprehension; one remembers the Bernhardt of the latter days. Stanislavsky and Baliev will return, and will find favour. What Max Reinhardt will do with "The Miracle" remains to be seen. Will it stand transplanting?—and if so, will it be sturdy enough to carry Lady Diana Manners who, I hear with some dismay, is to appear in it? These performances are, strictly speaking, not much more than curiosities to an American public; still, at that, perhaps they may accomplish among us something for art which, like its author, moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform. I foresee, however, that I shall not be a first-nighter at any of them.

ONE of the very oddest notions in the world seems to be that which besets the young writer to get to the great city as soon as possible in order to study types of human-kind and "human situations," whatever those are. The place to do all this is the despised small town, village or country-side, not the metropolis. In the city one knows a man as shopkeeper, lawyer, doctor, artisan, or what not; and beyond this, any knowledge of him is gotten with great difficulty. In the small town, one knows him as

"folks," and such knowledge of him comes easiest of all; one rubs up against him in all sorts of relations, day in and day out, which in the city one never does. Some day, probably, we shall have Main Street exhibited by a Main Streeter, and then we shall have a good novel. But it will be done by a Main Streeter free of Mr. William Allen White's sentimental preoccupations, and of the preoccupations shown by Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Sherwood Anderson—free of all preoccupations, in fact, as Gogol was, and George Sand.

GIVEN a real knowledge of people, knowledge of them as folks, as human beings, and the accessories of "local colour" and "atmosphere," as I believe they are called, do not need half the devout study that the aspiring young literati seem to think they need. One does not need to merge oneself in the city's throng, or take a job in the stockyards or a canning-factory, to get all the colour and atmosphere one wants; unless one is out to do a mere piece of photography, with a photographer's instinct and flair—and the place for that is in the newspaper, not in the novel. Thomas Hardy never needed to stand at the factory-gate at seven o'clock in the morning to see the poor woman with the shawl over her head go in to begin her day of grinding toil. He could do all that just as well down in Wessex, in the country, miles away from any industrial area; and so could anyone. Only, one's knowledge of one's characters must be human knowledge, sympathetic knowledge, kindly but not sentimental, accurate but not a mere photography of superficialities—not Mr. White's knowledge, in short, nor Mr. Sinclair Lewis's; and it stands to reason, I think, that this knowledge is gained more easily and abundantly in Zenith or Gopher Prairie, let us say, than in New York.

JOURNEYMAN.

## POETRY.

### PEASANT.

Here is my little piece of land  
That I've dug, every inch by hand,  
While I cursed, haggled, sweat, and prayed.  
And once I get the mortgage paid,  
There'll have to be tall talking, sir,  
To prove to me that I should stir  
One inch from my two-acre plot  
To fight old Have for young Have-Not.  
Finders is keepers, and I've found  
Some bitter things in this good ground:  
Sullen, pinched possessiveness,  
Absorption in my own distress,  
Conservatism that won't budge  
So long as I'm left free to drudge  
On my own dirt-heap, and to spit  
On my own hands while working it.

ROBERT LOUIS BURGESS.

### IDEAL.

I saw three women. One was white and tall,  
Shaped for child-bearing, calm and mother-eyed,  
With slow, rich limbs and bosom like the fall  
Of clouds upon a winter mountain-side.  
And one was golden, with such childlike breast  
As young Spring turns from hilltops to the sea,  
With tremulous flanks, and feet that could not rest,  
Unused to flesh and struggling to be free.  
While of the third the only certain form  
Was one like mist, reshaped to each embrace  
Of memory that found her body warm  
With hints of earlier trysts and ancient grace.

This third I sought, and found a voice that wept  
In darkness where the others smiled and slept.

WILLIAM FOSTER ELLIOT.

## THE NEW WOMANHOOD OF FRANCE.

THE late Barrett Wendell, setting down in his "France of To-day" some observations and reflections made while serving as a lecturer at the Sorbonne, tells of a Frenchman who, having been detected in a familiar intrigue, appeared to take the discovery of his misconduct in a nonchalant fashion, but who was greatly agitated over the possible effect of the discovery upon his wife. An appeal to family honour and sanctity under such circumstances seemed to Wendell rather contemptible, until the underlying French conception of the family finally dawned upon him. Love and marriage, as eventually he came to perceive, are radically different conceptions in France. Love is personal, regardless of conventions when the mood is on, constant or inconstant as the case may be, physical and spiritual in varying proportions, but a something withal for which men and women live, and for which, in honour, chagrin, or tragic grief, many dare to die. The family, on the other hand, is a legal institution—sacramental too, if one be of the Faith—primarily designed to perpetuate the race, carry on the ancestral name, and conserve the interests of property. While it is true that in France most people who marry do not mate with those whom they dislike—for Frenchmen have both a sense of humour and a feeling for the fitness of things—it is also true that most of them do not marry merely because they are in love. Love may fade, or be blown afieid to blossom again in another soil, and the heart can not be bound; but marriage, in theory at least, is a carefully-considered business-arrangement which it is extremely annoying to have disturbed. Hence the concern that for the moment puzzled Wendell. The *affaire*?—such interludes are common. But will the wife, and perhaps her family, make it an issue? That is another and more serious matter.

It is in this acceptance of a natural and fundamental distinction between love and marriage that is to be found the explanation of two social habits which long characterized in general all classes of French society, except, of course, the clergy, and which foreign observers often find hard to reconcile. One is the recognition, by both men and women, of the so-called double standard of morals; the other is the subjection of women. As far as their bearing upon the changed status of women consequent upon the war is concerned, the latter is much the more important; for while the dalliance of men was likely to be accepted as a matter of course, the moral deviation of a wife was usually a sufficient ground for dissolving the family partnership. Woman's subjection, on the other hand, was pervasive, compelling, and sanctified. It showed itself from childhood in the insistence upon marriage as the one aim of woman's existence; in an education which stressed domestic accomplishments and social preoccupations (only in France would one be likely to find a Minister of Public Instruction issuing directions that the darning of stockings must be more carefully taught in schools, and that stockings with holes that show should not be worn); and in a religious instruction which sought to bind both mind and heart with conventional restraints and add the sanctions of faith to the social rules of propriety. It showed itself in the matter-of-fact negotiation of the marriage-contract, with its financial evaluation of the families concerned, and in the control of the wife's *dot* by the husband. It showed itself from the day of marriage in the absolute domination of the wife by her husband, his admitted right to control in every detail the conduct of the *ménage*, the coming and going of wife and children, what should be read, and who should be

seen; to which was added, in the husband's discretion, espionage. It was an intellectual and moral as well as a physical subjection. Whatever opinions a French woman might express in miscellaneous company or alone with her friends, in the presence of her husband she was expected to efface herself: to do otherwise was to pave the way either to a separation or a state of armed neutrality, for either of which her family and friends were almost certain to hold her responsible. Comradeship, as American men and women have long understood the term, was rarely to be met with in pre-war France save, of course, in the limited circles of the intellectual Bohemians where nothing that was done was supposed to matter. That French women were sometimes well-read, always thrifty, uniformly gracious and, as a rule, devoted, and that marriage was often not unhappy, only showed how successfully the average woman had been trained to play her subordinate part.

For various reasons, this peculiar aspect of French life was one which the casual visitor, and particularly the American visitor, rarely perceived. If an Englishman's house was his castle, a Frenchman's home was a sanctuary within whose precincts profane souls were not knowingly allowed to come. One might live for years in France and never see the inside of a French home; for while to be lunched and dined and taken about was common enough, to be invited to pass the *cordon* was an event. In a family where there was a marriageable daughter, the steps of the visitor, be he foreigner or citizen, if he were unattached, were attended with peril; for even a first call was sufficient reason for speculation, and a second might be regarded as settling the case. There was nothing extraordinary about it if you knew France; it was only a part of the system which safeguarded the family and kept women in their place.

It was upon this unfree, impassive, and strangely contented womanhood, hardly touched as yet by the great movements of political and social enfranchisement which for years had been stirring the women of England and the United States, that the world-war descended. Its immediate effect was to tear away the conventional restraints which had made the commonest acts of women's lives subservient to the will or caprice of men, and to send women of the upper classes by the thousand into unaccustomed personal contact with the sick, the wounded, and the refugee. Matrons who before had scarcely thought of venturing out of doors without first consulting their husbands, young wives to whom the tyranny of parents and parents-in-law had been a veritable slavery, and daughters who had seen the world only under the protection of a chaperon, now donned uniforms, came and went freely by day or night, travelled about the country, and lived the informing lives of nurses or helpers in hospitals and camps. It was a novel experience, this walking or driving with convalescent soldiers from everywhere, entertaining at tea men in khaki or horizon-blue to whom one had never been properly introduced, and writing friendly, chatty letters to homesick males at the front whom one had never seen; and, while it lasted, the experience brought something of the exhilaration of liberty. Few of the suddenly-freed went astray who had not been willing to stray before; and this fact should have brought its lessons and reflections, had it been possible, in those tense years, for men or women to reflect or learn.

With the end of hostilities came the test of what all this new freedom was worth; and to-day, after nearly five years, its worth can be gauged. With here and

there an honourable exception, the French women of the aristocracy and upper bourgeoisie who gave themselves to "war-work" have gone back to the traditional servitude. Neither in habits nor in outlook do the women of those classes give evidence of having been radically affected by their experiences. The society whose intellectual and moral tone they help to conserve is to-day, as always, a bulwark of reaction; and the domestic habits and constrictions which have made it what it is are being passed on essentially unchanged to the children. It is a society which, though for a few months its women faced the windows of vision, gained therefrom no courage and no lasting desire; and whose thought, when not dissipated in trivialities, does little more than twang the strings of use and wont as the changing order troops along.

Happily for France, the class of the socially-elect is a minority, and the minority is small. For the far larger number of the women of France, the war spelled out the first syllables of emancipation; and what befell came quickly. The drain of men for the armies, followed soon by appalling losses in life and efficiency, opened to the younger women, the married as well as the unmarried, in country as well as in town, unprecedented opportunities of wage-earning in factories, shops, business-offices, and governmental bureaux; and ever since the war the mounting cost of living has, for most of their families, made the continuance of wage-earning a necessity. The most striking social change which the war has produced in France is the catastrophic decline in numbers and importance of the bourgeois class, and the economic merging of the bulk of the former bourgeoisie with the class of industrial workers. A small percentage of the bourgeoisie, suddenly enriched by extraordinary profits from war-industries, has now become, to all intents and purposes, a part of the aristocracy; the transition being the easier because the landholding aristocracy, together with those whose incomes were derived largely from *rentes*, or Government bonds, have themselves, in very many cases, been markedly impoverished by changing values. The mass of the urban bourgeoisie, on the other hand, pressed by high prices and heavy taxes, have found their incomes from rents or other investments, small businesses, or professions, no longer sufficient for more than a meagre living; and while thousands of the older or less fortunate must still cling, in the bitterness of straitened circumstances, to their diminished incomes as their only hope, far the greater number of bourgeois families have continued to find, and indeed have been compelled to seek, in the earnings of wives or daughters, the indispensable supplement of their support. Practically, the only difference to-day, if pride be disregarded, between the bulk of the former urban bourgeoisie and the great class of manual workers in trades, to which must be added many small land-owners also, is that the manual workers are better organized and politically more powerful, and, as a rule, better paid.

It is this virtual submersion of a very large part of the old middle class that has brought to French women the beginnings of emancipation. To the casual American visitor, long accustomed to the sight of wage-earning women at home, it may not seem extraordinary that to-day women in France are working side by side with men in mills and offices or in a great variety of other occupations, or that the partition which separated the peasant girl or the daughter of the artisan from her bourgeois sister has been almost wholly removed in the domain of labour; but to France it means a social revolution. Some of the

heavier tasks which women assumed during the war have, indeed, been lifted (it might be a woman who handled your luggage in 1917, but that has changed), and women's wages as a rule are less than those of men; but such a demand as arose in Italy after the war for the ousting of women from wage-earning employments has had no important echo in France, and comparatively few women who cared to go on working have been displaced.

The reactions of this sudden emergence of the wage-earning woman of bourgeois antecedents and in numbers previously unheard-of, have been varied and wide. For one thing, the traditional restrictions upon women's movements are fast disappearing. Exclusive aristocratic circles always excepted, French women of to-day, whether young or old, married or unmarried, are to be seen going about alone, or with one another, or with men friends, with little appearance of restraint. They have their own money and their own bank accounts, they make their own purchases and investments. Booksellers will tell you that women as well as men now buy serious books; they are forming clubs and attending lecture-courses; already there is professorial and official reminder that they are flocking in too large numbers to the universities and higher schools, and are getting a foothold in the professions.

The organized woman-suffrage movement in France, fertile in propagandist literature and amusing public "manifestations," is hardly more than a well-meant diversion of the well-to-do and emotionally liberal; and it seems unlikely, if left to itself, to win the suffrage in much less than a century. Without the suffrage, however, women have already made themselves a force in politics, crowding with men the public meetings of radical parties, speaking from the platform on public questions, and, in the Communist ranks, serving on party-committees and writing ably for the party-press. That there is in France a women's view as distinguished from a men's view of public issues, can hardly be said, for it is one of the characteristics of French emancipated women that they incline everywhere to act with men rather than separately; doubtless, in part at least, because they do not vote. The natural fruit of social and economic liberty, however, is political independence; and while among women as among men every shade of political opinion is to be found, respect for the established political order is noticeably as fragile, among wage-earning women at least, as it has long been among wage-earning men. When France revolts, the front-line trenches will not be held by men alone.

Has the family, meantime, held its own under the new regime of freedom? Yes and no. Regard for the family and regard for property still retain much of their traditional hold in France, the Church still wields much influence with women through the confessional, and the law has still to be reckoned with. Most French people who marry, accordingly, marry in the old formal and bargaining way, as far as externals go. Year by year, however, the institution yields in force and sanctity as well as in conventional procedure. Natural selection is slowly prevailing over parental choice, and the alternative of no marriage at all rather than a reluctant one is losing its terrors. Business or a job is replacing the *dot*; and with the *dot* no longer a prime prerequisite, the deadening conventions which formed its halo are also passing. The significance of increased divorce, too, is not to be ignored, nor can the meaning of irregular families be denied. The lightening of the severe legal restrictions upon divorce which long made divorce a perquisite of

the rich, has sent the number of divorce-petitions from 19,000 in 1913 to 35,000 in 1920; in Paris, in 1920, 5200 divorces, or one for every seven marriages, were granted; while one-fourth of the divorces for all France are granted on other than "statutory" grounds. The legal rights of illegitimate children are little different now from those of the legitimate; for children are children when a waning population has to be faced, and approximately one-fourth of the births recorded at Paris are illegitimate. The *union libre*, long a legally-recognized institution in France as elsewhere on the Continent, is unquestionably spreading among all classes, and the social discrimination which conservative society still visits upon the relationship, is obviously less and less regarded.

It is apparent that France is moving towards a sex-equality appreciably greater in some respects than that which obtains in the United States. The obvious social advantages which flow from regularity and conformity in sex-relations will not, we may be sure, be hastily abandoned; for the French, in spite of their passion for logical consistency and their willingness to cut a knot that can not easily be untied, are pervasively regardful of precedent. Only a Mrs. Grundy would be likely to discover in the emancipation of women, even if the historical family is being undermined, either a debasement of love or a corruption of morals. The avidity with which novels like Victor Margueritte's "*La Garçonne*" are read and discussed by women as well as by men, is very much less an indication of moral perversion or decay in either sex than it is a demonstration that the new French womanhood is not prudish and that a quasi-official censorship is a great advertisement. What emancipation is doing is to lessen among women the number of parasites and drones, open the way to economic equality of men and women as workers, and emphasize the superiority of mutual intellectual interests and personal freedom over mercenary business-arrangements and sex-servitude as the basis of domestic happiness. It is as yet mainly a movement of the wage-earners and the intellectuals, and affects very little either the aristocracy or the peasantry: but the future of France lies with the men and women who work and also think, and the peasants, although they work, rarely read and do not think; and aristocracies everywhere, like the papoose on its mother's back, see little of the world until the world has passed them by. Doubtless the suffrage will follow in due course; but with the predominance of economic over political interests in Governments of the future gaining daily as the collapse of political government becomes more evident, the suffrage, when it comes, may conceivably serve no more weighty purpose than to register the completion of a process of liberation now potently going on.

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

### A RECORD OF PROPAGANDA.

In the frenzy and hysteria of 1916-1919, much was written and published in the United States concerning German propaganda; but if anyone had dared to intimate that pro-British propaganda was better organized, and more effectively carried on than propaganda for the Central Powers, he would have been tarred and feathered, or thrown into prison as a dangerous enemy spy. But revelations of British publicists and the published debates in Parliament since the war have more than verified the suspicions of those Americans who believed British propaganda to be more virulent and more active even than the German brand.

Sir Gilbert Parker, the famous novelist, was perhaps the first to publish a detailed account of the nature and scope of British propaganda in the United States in the early years of the war. In an article in *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1918, Sir Gilbert made this rather naïve confession:

Practically since the war broke out between England and the Central Powers, I became responsible for American publicity. Among my activities was a weekly report to the British Cabinet on the state of American opinion, and constant touch with the permanent correspondents of American newspapers in England. I also frequently arranged for important public men in England to act for us by interviews in American newspapers. [He here states that more than 200 leading men and women in England were engaged in this work.]

Among other things, we supplied three hundred and sixty newspapers in the smaller States of the United States with an English newspaper which gave a weekly review and comment on the affairs of the war. We established connexion with the man in the street through cinema pictures of the army and navy, as well as through interviews, articles, pamphlets, etc., and by letters in reply to individual American critics, which were printed in the chief newspaper in the State in which they lived, and were copied in newspapers of the other and neighbouring States. We advised and stimulated many people to write articles; we utilized the friendly services and assistance of confidential friends; we had reports from important Americans constantly, and established association by personal correspondence with influential and eminent people of every profession in the United States, beginning with university and college professors, and scientific men, and running through all the ranges of the population. We asked our friends and correspondents to arrange for speeches, debates, and lectures by American citizens, but we did not encourage Britishers to go to America and preach the doctrine of entrance into the war. Besides an immense private correspondence with individuals, we had our documents and literature sent to great numbers of public libraries, Y. M. C. A. societies, universities, colleges, historical societies, clubs and newspapers.

Sir Gilbert adds a faint note of irony to the foregoing in the following paragraph:

I believe [he remarks with charming innocence] that the American people could not be driven, preached to, or chivied into the war, and that when they did enter, it would be the result of their own judgment, and not the result of exhortation, eloquence, or fanatical pressure of Britishers.

That the work of Sir Gilbert Parker in this country was appreciated by his Government is indicated by these words from a speech delivered in the House of Commons, 5 August, 1918, by Leif Jones, M. P.:

A great deal of money was spent in Italy, not wisely. A large amount was spent in South America. America was perhaps best done, and that was due to the fact that Sir Gilbert Parker, a former member of this House, was responsible for a great deal of correspondence to America long before America intervened in the war, and at a time when it was very important that we should make Americans understand our position.

Regarding the extent of British propaganda in the United States, Miss Mary McSwiney repeated many times to American audiences during the autumn of 1920, this declaration attributed to the late Lord Northcliffe:

England spent \$150 million for propaganda-purposes in the United States during the war, and I consider that money spent to better advantage than any equal amount spent during the entire conflict.

After the United States declared war against Germany, Lord Northcliffe headed a diplomatic mission to this country for the purpose of publicity. Mr. D.

Mason, M.P., speaking on 11 March, 1918, in the House of Commons, on Lord Northcliffe's mission, said:

Offices of the Northcliffe mission were established in New York. The commission was recruited by Lord Northcliffe from his own offices at home, and it was arranged that a supply of news should be furnished the American press.

Mr. Mason further stated that the mission was composed of "2000 persons or more." This fact becomes extremely interesting to thoughtful Americans when they recall the statement of Frank Anstey, member of the Australian Press Commission on the Western Front, who tells in his book, "Red Europe," that it was admitted in the House of Commons that British publicity-agents in the United States numbered 4500.

It is in the Parliamentary debates that there reposes a considerable amount of material bearing upon British propaganda which has gone almost unnoticed. Possibly when Americans learn to take account of their most intimate dangers, they will look into the matter of British propaganda in this country. On 7 November, 1918, Mr. Pringle, M. P., discussing official propaganda before the House of Commons, made this revelation concerning the methods of British official publicity:

On Monday there appeared in certain newspapers an article written by an officer of the Ministry of Information entitled 'From War to Peace.' It appeared *in extenso* in Lord Northcliffe's newspapers, the *Times*, and the *Daily Mail*, and in one or two other newspapers it appeared in a somewhat shortened form. In the *Daily Mail* and the *Times* it was accompanied with this intimation:

'This article is appearing to-day in the leading papers in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Newfoundland, India, the British Dependencies, the United States, South America, France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Japan and elsewhere.'

There is further intimation that the article will be circulated in Germany during the present week.

On the same day, another member of the House of Commons, Mr. Hazelton, referring directly to British propaganda in the United States, said:

When I was in America this year columns and columns of articles from the London *Times* and letters in the London *Times* were cabled to the United States and were published in the papers there. Columns were touched up of the grossest and unfairlest libel upon Ireland and were published in some of the newspapers.

The House of Commons appears to have devoted a great part of the session on 7 November, 1918, to a discussion of Government propaganda in war-time, for we find Colonel Hamersly also speaking on this subject:

Only a year ago [he says] the Germans, by their propagandists, had largely influenced the public mind of America, and there was no question that at that time the majority of the people in America thought we had not as a country, taken our fair share in the war. The Ministry of Information having established its propaganda [under Lord Northcliffe] on our part there, has entirely dispelled that, and from what I saw and heard on my travels through America, there is now a profound opinion that we have taken our share if not more than our share, in the burden of this war. To my mind, if an end is put to the Ministry of Information, and if its activities are withdrawn from America, it will be nothing short of a calamity to this country.

For anyone in the United States to suggest in 1918 that the war was brought on by the conflicting interests of commercial forces, was next to treason, although

both Mr. Woodrow Wilson and Mr. William G. McAdoo have declared that it was a commercial war. It was an equally serious offence for anyone to question the sincerity of the motives of our British friends; but the commercial complexion of the war is strikingly revealed in the commercial connexions of the various directors of British propaganda. The story is told by Leif Jones, M. P., in a speech in the House of Commons on 5 August, 1918:

Mr. Guinness, director of propaganda for Switzerland, is director in nine companies. Colonel Bryan, assisting in American propaganda, is director in six companies, namely: shipping and shipbuilding. Colonel Galloway, assistant director of hospitality, is director in five or six companies, gas, iron and railways. Cunliffe Owen, in charge of propaganda in the Far East and Japan, is director in thirty-six companies, including the tobacco-trust. The director of information in Scandinavia and Spain is Mr. Hambro, a member of the House of Commons, a banker, a railway-director and I understand he is placed in charge of information in Scandinavia and Spain because he has business-connexions with those countries.

But the British Government did not stop with the employment of men with high financial and business-connexions as directors of propaganda in the various belligerent and neutral countries. Like all Governments in such circumstances it went the limit. It subsidized its own news-agencies to disseminate official war-propaganda. Speaking in the House of Commons on 5 August, 1918, Mr. McCurdy, M. P., disclosed the fact that the Government had paid Reuter's Agency £126,000 for services covering a certain period of the war.

Whether or not the British Government believed that the United States could be "driven, preached to, or chivied into the war," the fact remains that it had an abiding faith in the virtues of propaganda by means of the spoken and the written word; and it spared no expense or labour in its endeavours to influence the American people to take its side in the world-conflict.

C. J. ROLPHE.

## THE WIVES OF KING SOLOMON.

### I. AVIA.

SHE was the loveliest maiden in all Jerusalem, and as wise as Solomon himself. And her name was Avia. And Solomon, who was not yet king over Judea and Israel took her to himself as wife.

One of the many sons of King David was Solomon, and the son of Bathsheba, daughter of Eliam; the same Bathsheba, wife of Uriah the Hittite, whom David had once seen in her nudity as she stepped into her bath. David had forthwith ordered Bathsheba to be brought into his presence, but Uriah he had sent off to war, to meet the death that soon overtook him. Solomon was the second son Bathsheba had borne to King David; but he remained the eldest of her children, for her first-born had died.

Solomon was the wisest of all the sons of David the King, and one of the wisest among his people. And Bathsheba, his mother, loved him dearly; and her thoughts dwelt upon the hope that he might be the King's successor. So it was that she brought him up not only as a king's son, but as one who would one day be King himself. She never thwarted his least desire, and his will was sacred to her as the will of a ruler.

It was when he first beheld Avia—as a youth of eighteen years—that his heart was pierced as if by an arrow. He could no longer eat nor sleep. His cheeks became hollow and his eyes sunken. The mother-eye of

Bathsheba soon divined the cause of his sufferings; and she was greatly displeased, for she had desired a king's daughter to share the throne of the future king, and Avia was only the daughter of a poor dweller in Jerusalem.

But when Bathsheba counselled him to turn his eyes from the poor daughter of the people, Solomon in his wisdom made answer: Who had David been before he had become king, and who had she herself been before he had taken her to himself as wife? And then he vowed and swore a solemn oath that he would have no wife but Avia, though his father the King should disown him. For could he not have Avia, life would not be worth the living.

Avia knew of Solomon's great love for her, and she was the happiest among the daughters of Judea; for she deeply loved Solomon in return, and was consumed by the burning love that she silently buried within herself. So when Bathsheba's messengers came to ask her hand of her father, for the King's son, Avia swooned in her ecstasy of joy.

Among all the people of the land there was not a happier pair than the king's son and the daughter of the people, Avia. He called her his one and only one, his dove, his beloved. And she knew that she was most fair and most wise among the daughters of Judea, and surrounded and enveloped him with her love and her beauty and her wisdom.

The days went by and Solomon lived beside his wife Avia as one intoxicated, who fears to leave the pillar that he is clutching. And soon the rumour spread among the people—"Solomon does not follow in the ways of his father, for instead of taking eighteen wives to himself, he will, it seems, remain content with the one." And Avia knew that it was thus rumoured and was proudly exultant.

And more days came and went, until three years had passed; and Solomon was sent by his father David as envoy to Geshur. Ere yet two months had fled a messenger brought Avia the tidings that Solomon had wooed and won to wife Numa, daughter of the King of Geshur. Whereupon Avia rent her clothes and tore her hair, and longed for death. Whole days she pondered, knowing not what to do with herself nor how to meet Solomon upon his return. And because she could find no sleep at night, she spent the long hours musing upon her own course and her manner towards Solomon.

She fancied herself on her knees before him, beseeching him, in tearful prayer, to send away his second wife; and she imagined herself, full of indignation and fury, pouring a torrent of fiery invective upon his head. But because she reflected deeply, and in her wisdom fathomed the nature of man, she firmly decided that both ways would lead to naught. Then she became sad, and silently and mournfully she was prepared to meet Solomon when he should come to her.

Yet when he came to her, her eyes flashed and her face was covered with a deathly pallor; and when he approached her with a caress, she turned quickly away from him. Solomon's eyes blazed, and for a moment he said nothing. But soon a smile of irony dawned in his eyes, and he said, "The wise Avia should have behaved differently. The wise Avia should have known the nature of man."

But the wise Avia was angry and imprudently burst forth, "The wise Avia knows only too well the nature of man."

"You know only too well the nature of man, and yet you behaved as you did. Therefore you shall be punished."

"I am already punished," she murmured with tears in her voice.

"No," smilingly said the shrewd Solomon. "I have a new punishment for you. I have taken Numa, daughter

of the King of Geshur, to be my wife; I shall take more and more wives; and because you vaunted your complete understanding of the nature of man, you will be pleased to interpret it to Numa and all the coming Numas. Only take heed lest you repeat the same to each and all, for varied must be your sayings and ever new. And should you not do this, you will be banished from my presence, and in solitude spend your life, because, in your wisdom, you did not know how to meet your husband who loves you."

He spoke and departed. And Avia stamped her foot in rage at her imprudent behaviour, so unbecoming her wonted sagacity. But soon she turned her thoughts towards the task of telling Solomon's second wife, when he would come with her, something regarding the nature of man.

DAVID PINSKI.

(Translated from the Yiddish by Anna K. Pinski.)

### WINTER ON THE FARM.

It seems a curious thing that anyone should sit down and read a book entirely about feeding domestic animals, mending brush fences, getting wood out of the woodshed, driving a horse to the village through snowdrifts, and letting the cat in through the kitchen window. At least, it seems a curious thing that I should read such a book. I have just let two cats in through the kitchen window. Yesterday I had to mend fences. Daily the animals must be fed. In winter, I know only too well what it means to buck the drifts and the north-west wind in order even to get to a neighbour's. There is, they say, enough unhappiness in life without reading about it! Yet I read Anne Bosworth Greene's "The Lone Winter," as, I trust, many others will, partially because it is so veracious and sprightly and honestly feminine and filled with an understanding affection for animals, but still more because it so astonishingly shows how far most of us have departed from the ways of our pioneer ancestors. We have so far departed that a woman who spends a winter on her farm in Vermont regards that proceeding as worth writing a book about, and we regard it as a feat of heroism (not unmixed, perhaps, with something of Thoreau's "queerness") which certainly justifies the author's literary efforts. Quaintly enough, not far from Mrs. Greene's farm dwelt a little old lady whom she called the Chickadee, and who apparently dwelt all alone—not for one winter, but always. This old lady never seems to have kept a journal for the Century Company to publish. In my township are three little old ladies who dwell all alone. There were four, but one upset her lantern as she was milking her cow. She could not destroy Chicago, but she burned up everything available in her restricted environment, and has been forced to dwell since the disaster with her sister and brother-in-law. None of these old ladies has written a book, either. But, you see, they are of our ancestors' breed. We, of this soft century, speak pityingly and yet with awe of their hard fate. We do not see how they manage. Yet manage they do, unaware of the insurmountable difficulties.

Not, of course, that it was common even in the old days for women to dwell alone on remote farms. They had men-folks, generally. When Mrs. Greene decided to send her daughter to school in Boston and stay alone on her farm near 'Scutney all winter, to look after her herd of Shetland ponies, her cow, her three or four horses, her collie and her cat (and incidentally, as she naively supposed, to find a great deal of free time to indulge in literary pursuits), she was picking a fate that few women, ever, would voluntarily have chosen. It took courage to make the decision; and it took physical strength to carry

it out. However, except for the fact that Mrs. Greene is a daughter of our twentieth-century sophisticated civilization, and hence has done what not one present-day woman in a thousand would or could do, there is nothing very remarkable in her performance. What, indeed, gives her record of it the charm of humour is chiefly the fact that she was so inexpert in the simplest tasks, and that she discovered in the daily performance of the basic chores of farm-life, and in the dumb companionship of farm-animals, and in the elemental facts of cold and frost, rain and thaw, sun and wind, a thousand wonderful revelations which her ancestors knew long ago. She stayed alone on her farm through a Vermont winter, and though she was snowbound in her tiny world, unable sometimes to get even the half mile to her R. F. D. mailbox at the foot of the hill, she made a very long journey. She made a journey back one hundred years. The reason, I think, that I read her book, and the reason that others will read her book, is because she takes us back with her. When, with numb fingers, she swung the ax on that great blob of ice which had formed overnight on the drinking trough, in order to satisfy the insistent demands of the herd pressing close behind her, and when finally the ice broke suddenly and the water spurted over her and froze instantly on her mittens, and steaming noses pressed by her and nuzzled into the trough, she was performing a task considerably more elemental than creating literature for the *Woman's Home Companion*. It is a task, to be sure, which is still performed on mornings when the temperature is below zero, in various sections of these United States, but no longer by you and me. We get some milk later—considerably later—in glass bottles, taken in by a servant. (The milk is pasteurized, and therefore, I think, is unfit to drink.) We could not milk a cow—at least *you* can't! We and our kind have been fed and clothed and heated for a long while now, so that our precious brains can be free to function and advance civilization by the invention of a quite different sort of stock-watering, the creation of ticket-speculators, symphony concerts, slums, museums of art, and such like. Therefore, when one of our precious kind actually gets back to the basic realities and milks a cow twice a day (Mrs. Greene, we regret to state, got pretty careless about January and cut the milking of Cressy down to once a day.) We all think it a quite remarkable feat, and read about it as a revelation.

I myself don't believe that Mrs. Greene would have stuck it out till spring if she had not loved animals. But she is one of those people to whom a horse or a cat is a personality worthy of respect. When Ocean Wave, leader of all the Shetland revolts, broke the brush fence anew and went tearing into the mowing with all of the rest of the herd in full pursuit, Mrs. Greene would start after them; and as she went, she would accumulate for companions Goliath her collie, Boo-boo her cat, Cressy her cow, and any horses that might be in the pasture. The spectacle of a New England authoress in trousers, marching up a Vermont hillside gravely accompanied by a dog, a cat and a cow, is not without humour. But to any of us who have lived long in company with dumb beasts, and far from humans, the picture is more than merely humorous. It shows so well the gregarious instinct of all animals, with two legs or four, and it brings back to us so clearly the memory of animals we have loved. There was my yellow tomcat, Trotzky, for instance, who used to accompany me up the mountain when I went wood chopping, and shared my lunch beside a fire.

Mrs. Greene managed to throw hay to her live stock daily, although she never did learn how to pick out the forkfuls as they were stacked in the loft, but hacked and pulled and wrestled with the pile like any poor city-bred person, getting sometimes about three spears for her

trouble. But the woodpile in the shed was her real trial and menace. It was not stacked up but piled in a loose pyramid. Instead of devoting ten minutes a day to stacking it, she climbed over the pyramid searching for sticks of the size she wanted, every time she filled the wood box. Ultimately the pyramid liquefied under her, as woodpiles will; and she cracked a rib and had to telephone for a neighbour's boy. But this does not surprise me. I have never yet seen a woman who was any use in a woodshed. I would not trust Alice Paul herself to split my kindlings or stack a row of stove-length sticks so that they wouldn't topple forward.

Mrs. Greene's adventures ended when Cressy "came in" late in the spring, and she stalked the wary mother to a fern-sweet dell on the hillside, where the new calf stood on wobbly legs. There is no lack of sex or even of obstetrical information, in modern American literature, but it all misses, somehow, the idyllic quality Mrs. Greene imparts to the tale of Cressy's deliverance. There is even honest respect, nay, admiration, on her part for the knowledge of the "facts of sex" displayed by the farm-boy who instructed her how to conduct the search. I recommend the whole passage to modern readers. It is pleasant to add that the calf was a heifer.

Mrs. Greene, by the way, did not find much time to write. After she had fed and watered twenty head of stock, milked the cow, cleaned the stable, got in the wood, taken out the ashes, cooked her meals, shovelled snow, mended fences, driven or ridden on horseback for the mail and provisions, gone out to the wood lot to see that the choppers were taking the right trees, watered the stock, fed the stock again, bedded them down, got in more firewood, eaten her supper, washed the dishes, fed the dog, fed the cat, trimmed and filled the lamps, swept the kitchen, made her bed, mended her stockings, and done some washing, she was practically ready to retire. In fact, I like her journal best when she was weariest. She had to be brief.

I doubt if her book will make many converts for the simple life of the farm, especially among lone females. It is, after all, much more convenient on a bitter morning to have Nora take in the milk bottle from the rear steps, while Jonas shakes down the furnace and opens the drafts, and Jeannette closes the bedroom windows and turns on the hot water in the tub. I doubt if her lone winter made a convert of Mrs. Greene. We would all much rather admire our ancestors than emulate them. They had to work too hard. And, as we all know now, in this enlightened age, work is for workmen.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

### STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

THEY told me it was quite safe to go where I pleased in the city and environs; that the last of the Dominican bandits, so-called, were shut up in the Homenage Tower or were defending law and order as constables in the Policea Nacional; and I was ready to believe them until I had wandered a mile or so from the suburb of Duarte into the woods on the east bank of the river. I was searching for the Rosario Chapel on the site of the older city of Santo Domingo, which was founded in 1496 and destroyed by hurricane in 1502; but the winding trails had disclosed not a mound of this original settlement, and were leading me farther and farther away from human habitation. I was beginning to wonder if the "pacification" of which Americans boasted extended thus far from the headquarters of the Policea and the armed camp of the marines, when a turn in the path faced me with a huge Negro in a tattered shirt and frayed palm-leaf sombrero. His neck, shoulders and bare chest rose like an upheaval of black basalt above the underbrush that encroached upon

the pathway, and when he was only a few paces away I saw that his great girth was supporting a machete, nearly three feet long. His left eye was a thin white slit with a diagonal scar across it that cleft the brow almost as deeply as the central furrow of his forehead.

"Good morning," I ventured, with the friendliest grin that I could free from a certain intension that had seized the facial muscles at the corners of my mouth.

"Good morning, sir." The Negro surprised me with carefully enunciated English. He smiled pleasantly around the eyeless socket and split cheek-bone.

"Well . . . you speak English . . . you're just the man I'm looking for." I exhaled my anxiety with great relief.

"Yes, sir. I'm a British subject from Jamaica," he replied distinctly, but in a Negro sing-song that came from his vocal chords like deep notes plucked on a banjo-string.

"Good!" I congratulated myself, "I've been looking for the chapel in the old town, and couldn't ask the way in Duarte because I don't speak Spanish. Can you tell me how to get there?"

"There's an old church by the river, sir. I can show you the path to it. I pass it on the way back to town." His broad 'A's and careful enunciation sounded grotesque in African intonation. They decorated his speech with the effect that a silk hat might have had above his robust semi-nakedness and Cyclopean gravity.

The Rosario Chapel, without its historical associations, would not have been in the least impressive. It walled and shaded with its three surviving Gothic arches a few square yards of stunted jungle, briars, saplings and papery grass; and it was so closely surrounded by dense, high growth that one could not make the best of its small ruin in some tropical vista. I shut the camera and was growing self-conscious under the single eye of the Jamaican, which seemed to accuse me of childish folly, when I discovered vestiges of a fresco that had been painted above the doorway. These faded blues and reds, from which lettering and pattern had faded long ago, evoked a scene among the romantic pastels of Washington Irving's "Columbus"; a blazing August morning more than four centuries ago when Bobadilla read in this portal the royal proclamation that announced him successor to Cristobal Colon, the unpopular Genoese admiral. The ruffians and visionaries who had assembled here to ease their nostalgia for the Old World at this first New World shrine of its most humane tradition, listened with calculating avidity to the courtier whom their King had sent out to moderate the tyranny of a foreign *adelantado*. They had come to pray, but remained to intrigue in excited groups, each for his share of this new dispensation of temporal power. With the stubborn pigments on the Rosario wall, and the fading colours of Irving's "Columbus," I restored for an instant the sultry atmosphere and emotion of this first political crisis in Hispaniola; but the Jamaican's one eye which had the power of two, was covering me with something like patronage in its probing for a clue to my abstraction. He was an adult, speculating with the mildest interest and an amused condescension, on the irrational behaviour of a child. His gaze dissolved the romantic scene that I had conjured, into its shabby materials of broken stone arches and bramble.

We descended a crumbling bank to a narrow terrace along the river Ozama, where thatched hovels with aigrettes of coconut-palm huddled upon a concrete dike. At the doorways of several of these huts black faces appeared from the shadows, grimaced, and retired to the interior darkness. The Jamaican smiled knowingly at me, and once he repeated with a shrug of his shoulders the strange contortion of feature that had been aimed at us. The little Negro who rowed us across the river

studied me with a wide-eyed gaze that seemed to mingle fear and sly derision. He looked from me to the Jamaican, dropped his staring eyes, smiled sheepishly and stared again. The Jamaican muttered a few words of Spanish, and the boy applied himself briskly to his oars with a frightened look.

Across the Ozama we climbed a steep embankment this side of the fortress, and came out from between high walls on to the Calle de Colon, the chief business-street of the city. Until this turn, it had not occurred to me that my companion and I offered to our observers such a vivid contrast of colour and physique. But here the harsh scrutiny of an American bank-clerk, and of a marine officer and his wife, made me intensely and uncomfortably aware of this. I had met all three of these young people and accepted some slight hospitality from two of them, but they eyed me with hostile unrecognition. Farther down the street I encountered a Dominican of the upper-middle class, Spanish stock. I had been closeted with him the day before, and he had been telling me very confidentially many unpleasant things about the arrogance of certain American officials of the occupation. His first glance at the Jamaican and myself said quite eloquently: "Well, really! . . ." But he recovered from his amazement and bowed with exquisite grace and friendliness. Other Dominicans of mixed African and Spanish blood, turned stolid faces of old ivory or brown upon us, stared gravely for an instant, then smiled sardonically or wrinkled their noses in that curious grimace that had greeted us across the river. As we approached the Hotel Français, a mulatto in a white drill suit finished the gesture by closing his nostrils with thumb and forefinger, and muttered angrily in Spanish to the Jamaican.

"It's just as well you don't speak Spanish, sir," the Negro remarked obsequiously, but with an imperfectly suppressed contempt and hatred flickering in his great eye. "They think I should be ashamed to be seen walking with a white man and an American, you see. But I am not like them, of course, sir. They are mongrels. I am a British subject from Jamaica, and a pure-blooded African. . . . Glad to have been of any service to you, sir. . . . Good-day, sir!"

EDWARD TOWNSEND BOOTH.

## ART.

### MODERN ART: TO-DAY.

Two admirable artists whom I have had no occasion to discuss in previous articles, Constantin Brancusi, the Rumanian sculptor, and Henri Rousseau, surnamed *le Douanier* because of his years in the customs-service, stand outside all groups of the modern men but are their very good neighbours. The work of Rousseau, a man of the people, with no more preparation than that of the village sign-painter (which is not, after all, the worst in the world), has a decorative quality of a greater fineness than that of Gauguin. Brancusi not only immersed himself in the spirit of Paris, but is nearer its art on the technical and theoretical sides than he at first appears to be.

We understand how much a man of the modern period Henri Rousseau is when we consider the esteem in which he is held by the best artists of to-day. Imagine him appearing in the eighteenth century, or the seventeenth; periods when painting was a craft, and when general opinion designated those individuals who were fitted to practise it as an art! One can hardly conceive a master of that time delighting in the primitive and yet beautiful character of a picture like "le Poète et sa Muse," about which the poet himself,

Guillaume Apollinaire, not to be outdone in ingenuousness, wrote that it must have been like him because the painter took the measurements of all the parts of his face. Yet it was just this meticulous attention to every tiny fact that won for Rousseau the admiration of men who had the learning of the schools at their finger-tips, and who might have dashed off things that would "knock the walls" of the Salon, had they not seen better use for their ability. But far more important than the astonishing design of Rousseau's jungle pictures, or the flower-like "quality" of his paint, was the intensity with which he looked at the people and the things about him, and so gave to a generation surfeited with thought, a contemporary example of that freshness of vision which we love in a Fouquet or a Breughel, and which has misled numberless people regarding the profundity of their skill and power. While Rousseau will not be ranked by the future as nearly the equal of these two men, there is something of their quality in him, and his art helped to renew the attraction of naturalistic painting when artists were ready for it.

Perhaps there is no art more difficult to describe than that of Brancusi; at least in those phases of it that have to do with his incomparable workmanship, his intimate knowledge of substances, wood, stone, marble or brass. When one of his sculptures is reproduced—say, a marble that is cast in bronze—he works over it with chisel, polishers and acid until the second piece is quite as much an original as the first. For years he will keep under his eyes some beam of weathered oak that he has saved from a demolished house, or some water-worn stone that he has picked up by the river, until, having lived with them, he feels able to touch them without spoiling their natural beauty, which must be embodied in his work. Perhaps in telling of Brancusi's feeling for his materials I am, in the mind of some reader, convicting the artist of a type of mysticism which seems out of place in so "definite" an art as sculpture. But before such a judgment is passed, I would ask the reader to think of the Egyptian's handling of his basalt; the Negro's knowledge of his wood; the Chinaman's different way of working with porcelain, bronze and ivory; or the Greek's use of marble, so infinitely sensitive in its largeness that a mere broken fragment (the architectural bit from the Erechtheum in the Metropolitan Museum, for example), may be said, without exaggeration or sentimentality, to appear warm, and to beat, under the light, like a pulse. After looking at these classic works, I believe one will see a corresponding quality in Brancusi's sculpture; and one's respect for our period will be deepened. If the qualities of surface that I have described were not the reverberation of the inner life of the work, they would, of course, be mere preciousness; as false as certain American imitations of Florentine art, or as certain confused misunderstandings—also American—of the archaic Greeks. But they are merely an index to the idea of the sculpture as a whole; now gentle as in the "Sleeping Muse"; now huge in characterization and in sweep of curving planes, as in the portrait of "Mlle. Pogany"; now resplendent with the wonder of an Eastern folk-tale, as in the "Golden Bird." Or again, they are equally charged with the idea, but keep the secret of their origins like some carved stone of the Aztecs or the Hindus, or like a pyramid, a sonata, or a Cubistic painting—none of which fails to give its meaning to those who can see past the blank paper offered by the appearances of nature, and read the writing which is art.

When, in my last article, I spoke of the present time as exhibiting both the impetuosity of Géricault and the discipline of David, I had in mind the struggle between the tendency to risk once more the painting of appearances (the mark of that unprecedented degradation shown in the bad art of modern times), and the tendency to hold to the "abstract" material from which the danger of imitating external things is eliminated. Two masters, Matisse and Derain (it is not too soon to give them the title), had indeed never gone far in the direction set by Picasso and Braque. Matisse once used the word "materialistic" to describe the conception of a bad Cubist, who combined his images with as little assimilation of them into vision as the most servile copyist of nature at the Beaux-Arts. So the tool remains a tool; and one method of painting is as good as another, according to which individual uses it. Matisse himself, after the period of *les Fauves* in which he made lithographs with a line a quarter of an inch wide, and when his whole art needed a similarly insistent emphasis—in burning colour and intensified form—comes rapidly to etchings of exquisite fineness, and to drawings which, in their air of literalness and in their minuteness of detail, recall Cranach or Clouet. But the purity of design, the suave beauty of colour of his later painting are guarantees that the image has passed through the alembic of his mind as truly as did the "sensational" pictures that he did ten or fifteen years ago. They do not, however, guarantee him against charges of painting to please the public, even as the older works were explained as attempts to gain the notoriety which comes of outraging the public. Having survived the earlier accusation he will, I believe, also survive the later one.

Modern art and Paris need trouble as little as Matisse about recent lamentations over their decadence. Even without the war, it is normal, as I have shown previously, for a certain number of years to pass without the appearance of a new master or a new tendency: as Marcel Duchamp once remarked, "The new men are there, but we are not able to recognize them." It will be time enough to speak of the hegemony of art passing from the French when masters begin to appear in other countries. Picasso came to Paris when about twenty and Brancusi but little later in life; so that their art may be said to have appeared in France and to be largely a product of the French school which, in frankly accepting ideas from them, took back less than it had given. The other foreigners in Paris to-day, meritorious as they sometimes are, have nothing of a creative character to offer; the same may be said, as far as one can learn by general report and observation, of the painters and sculptors residing in their own countries, with the exception of Diego Rivera. For years a strong figure in Paris, where he formed his art, he is now producing some most admirable mural decorations in his native Mexico.

The paucity of significant examples of the applied arts in modern times and the virtual absence of architecture has made me leave them almost out of the discussion. This loss is not altogether compensated for by the superb workmanship and the design of such things as the automobile and the aeroplane; nor is the steel and concrete construction of our big buildings and our bridges on a plane with architecture as it was practised in the past. However much the two modern forms are superior to the "art-craft" productions of certain studios, and to our "tasty" imitations of the various architectural styles of other eras, there is a difference between the industrial artist or the bridge-

builder of to-day and the men of the old time whom they replace as nearly as they can. For these modern works are part of what we may call the unconscious art of our period, things which neither their producers nor their public usually think of as art; whereas, even if the mediæval armourer or the Renaissance ceramist did not think of his work as something which like painting and sculpture would one day be placed in the museums, still the old craftsmen were very near in spirit to the greater arts at which they often arrived themselves; and of course a mere glance at the cathedral of Chartres or the Ponte Santa Trinità in Florence tells us how fully its architect was aware that such a work was to have an aspect of beauty as well as of use. Yet our articles of utility, in their increasingly modern character, and our building, with its growing frankness and knowledge of its own qualities, offer every reason for confidence that we are on the threshold of a genuine and important style in these arts.

But it is on our painting and sculpture that we must depend for an expression of our time; and this expression is so intimately our own that no one, I believe, can yet estimate its value in comparison with that of other periods. Renouncing such an attempt, I will speak of the present work of three men in their forties who, with Matisse, seem to me to be doing the most significant pictures of to-day. I include Jacques Villon in this group because I believe it is he who, more than anyone else, continues to express the indomitable spirit of adventure, the beautiful youth of the world's mind in the days before the war. When he got back to his studio, it was to take up his painting at the point where it had been interrupted, more than four years before, and to push it forward in the Cubistic direction it was then taking. For him, it is not enough to rid himself of the tyranny of the object; he is painting pictures in which the suggestion of light and of space is eliminated, as they were not in the earlier Cubism. A negative process? No; for the design he attains to-day has a quality of absoluteness unequalled by even the fine things he did in former years; and the colour, for which he always showed a distinguished aptitude, is of a purity and beauty that soon carry one past the old difficulty about the subjects of his works. There is nothing about his art to connect it with the colour-organ; neither is his painting abstract in the sense intended by the aesthetes, who dream of abandoning not only the appearances of nature but its significance. To use once more an art of the past as an analogy, I would recall the work of the old enamellers, and of the glass-painters of the cathedrals, whose flat colour, unmodulated over considerable surfaces, expressed the fervour of their age quite as well as those arts of their contemporaries wherein a well-defined phase of representation exists. Villon's works, however, are not designs for enamel or glass; they are paintings, created with regard for the special qualities of their medium and proceeding from the pictorial effort which immediately preceded them.

Painting can scarcely go farther in this direction; and indeed, for Picasso, the moment arrived some years ago when he felt that the most interesting picture he could do would be one in which his findings as a Cubist would be included in works like the figure-pieces of his pre-Cubistic period. But how different they are, these new Picassos! The earlier restless excitement of his scenes of poverty and Bohemia, splendid as it was in the swift drawing that conveyed it, has given way to the calm and measure of an art whose classical basis is found alike in the works in the museums which the artist has loved, and in his in-

vestigation of pictorial structure during the years when that which is now a head, an arm, a tree or a sheet of water was translated by forms and their interspaces and their penetration of one another.

The war has shaken Derain as little as it has Villon. Perhaps, even, the long days and years when he was away from his painting gave the meditative mind of the artist a turn toward his present conception of the picture; a graver and nobler conception than any he had attained before. Always unafraid in his use of the knowledge offered by the past, his preoccupation with the geometrical quality in Gothic sculpture, and with Cézanne's use of angles and planes in painting, has evolved toward a subtler synthesis than he could handle ten years ago. He has reached it under the guidance of Corot's draftsmanship, and of the magical ordering of spheroidal form which gives us our secure sense of reality in the presence of that love of the world which Renoir told of in his imagery, a thousand times repeated, and yet always and inexhaustibly new. Thus the work of the artists goes on "according to the days, according to the season," as Redon said. "Nothing comes from nothing," another of his sayings ran: each painting or sculpture is both effect and cause. We divide off a certain period and call it modern so that we may, for the moment, study it for itself; but these men whom we have been observing can not really be detached from the past, and they—with it—have in their hands the making of the future.

WALTER PACH.

## A LETTER TO THE EDITORS.

### A REPLY TO SENATOR PHELAN.

SIRS: I note in your issue of 8 August that Senator Phelan finds the letter on the Japanese question, by Mr. David Warren Ryder, "airy, light and flippant." But Mr. Ryder's letter impressed me otherwise. It seemed quiet, just and truthful, showing a side of Californian affairs, which the eastern public should understand. As Mr. Ryder admits, there is in the far West a Japanese problem. There is also at times a Chinese one; and for that matter a problem of European nationalities who wish to carry over their communistic, Fascistic, Sinn Fein, Mafia, or Tong troubles across into America. There is also a "real menace" in the alleged fact that eastern people readily believe anything of California except what is true.

At least, it is not true that any considerable number of persons in California desire an increase of Oriental labourers or of any other whose presence tends to stratify society or to lower our average of intelligence.

It is not true that the "gentlemen's agreement" of Root and Takahira has been violated in a single case as far as known. It is not true that the Japanese Government is trying or has ever tried to gain a foothold in California or anywhere else in America. It is not true that the problem in California is that of excluding Orientals. The point at issue is that of fair treatment for those already legally here. Aliens in America are in a sense wards of the nation. To discriminate among them is an international affair—apparently outside the rights or duties of a Federal State. To adopt any other view would, I think, be perilous to national stability. The anti-Japanese statute of last year was passed by a referendum, only half the persons voting at the election approving it, and these largely through the supposition that the issue involved was exclusion, not merely restriction of personal rights. A statute proposed by a small minority, subject to no amendment or revision, becomes a law in California, valid until set aside by the courts. One can hardly imagine a more reckless mode of handling international affairs.

It is probably true that the Japanese now produce most of the crop of small fruits in California. There would perhaps be very few berries without them. It is also likely that in certain hamlets Japanese children outnumber the whites. Whether these involve "the best agricultural lands" is open

to question. In some cases, as on the poor soils about Florin and on the islands in the Sacramento River Japanese have made waste land highly productive. . . .

The birth rate is undoubtedly high among Japanese farmers and labourers. It is so among other races similarly placed; for the birth rate among all peoples depends on social conditions, not on racial differences.

The younger Japanese everywhere quickly acquire the American spirit. Except in looks, they are more easily "Americanized" than immigrants from most parts of Europe. Fortunately, they marry chiefly within their own race; the Shinto reverence for heredity being strong with them, "Mikado-worship," as commonly described, is largely fiction.

Conditions in Hawaii and the Philippines are often unfairly stated. A single example is pertinent. The attorney-general of California, inventor of the evasive phrase "aliens ineligible for citizenship" in a recent argument before the Supreme Court, is quoted in the press as saying: "We have already lost the Philippines; the Japanese dominate there now."

It is a fact that the Japanese people are not naturally pioneers, and few, except traders or officials, remain in a cold country or a hot one. According to statistics of the Philippine customs-bureau (quoted in the *Christian Science Monitor*, of 25 May) the population of the Philippines is about 10,250,000. Of these 63,070 are foreigners. They are divided as follows:

Chinese	43,802	British	1,148
Japanese	7,806	German	286
American	5,776	French	183
Spanish	3,945	Swiss	125

The records shows that 1352 Japanese came to the islands in 1919, and 952 in 1920. In 1921, 11,222 left to return to Japan, leaving 7806 to "dominate the islands" and exclude Americans. If we have "lost the Philippines," when did we ever have them? It is understood that we merely hold the sovereignty in trust; and, of our people, only officials and traders have ever cared to remain long on the islands. Manila, a city of 283,628 inhabitants, has 6017 merchants; 27 of them being Japanese. The Japanese are not willing to settle even in their own tropical island, Formosa. Except under conditions of exceptional wages, none but the homeless will emigrate. The saying is: "We like to stay at home, where our customs fit us like a garment."

Conditions in Hawaii have been also the source of futile lament. The attorney-general asserts that we have lost these islands, too. At the time of annexation in 1900, the sugar-plantations of Hawaii were mainly owned by Americans and worked by imported serfs; 60,000 of these being Japanese, 26,000 Chinese and 8000 Portuguese. There are 20,000 Caucasians and 38,000 Hawaiians. The Japanese then constituted forty per cent of the total population, a percentage which is the same to-day. Annexation put an end to serfdom, and the Japanese took over much of the small business. They monopolize the fishing, for they take the big tunas and spearfishes of the open sea, which the Hawaiians never tried for. The fish-markets are, however, wholly in the hands of Chinese.

Whenever Uncle Sam annexes foreign territory he must expect the people already there to remain, even though the land may be thereby "lost" to him.

The real "menace to California and to the nation" lies in the practice of politicians of stirring the popular heart as a means of carrying elections. Incidentally it helps the militarists to regain the ground lost in the Washington conference. For the time being, suspicion, fear and hate were abated or abolished on both sides of the Pacific. Even the appeals of the Secretary of War for defence against "the enemy" fell cold. The now crestfallen militarists of Japan have had the same experience except that, more politely, they refer to "the imaginary enemy." General Yamanishi, for example, declares that "unless the fear of war is kept before the people they will lose interest in military training." Just so; and in California as well, in spite of full-page advertisements in our journals setting forth the perilous condition of an imperfectly armed nation in face of "the enemy."

The present "gentlemen's agreement" serves the purpose of exclusion better than any statute could. It is, however, extra-legal and should be replaced by a treaty. The Japanese

Government seems willing to do anything in reason we may ask. But they have the duty and the right to be consulted whenever any legislation is likely to affect their nationals; and for any action taken the United States must be responsible, not a State or a municipality. The decision in the Shimonoseki affair is a precedent for demanding this.

It will be remembered that, in 1863, the prince of Choshu fired on certain foreign ships passing through Japanese waters. The Japanese Government disclaimed responsibility, throwing the blame on the prince. But the Powers did not know Choshu and collected an indemnity of three millions of dollars. Our Government recognized this as excessive and returned the whole amount received (\$750,000) to Japan, thus establishing itself in the high esteem of a sensitive and grateful people. It can not afford to adopt a different policy. The best thing I ever heard Roosevelt say was this: "It always pays for a nation to be a gentleman!" I am, etc.,

Palo Alto, California.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

## BOOKS.

### CÉZANNE.

IN the history of what is commonly known as modernist painting, that is, the radical movements succeeding Impressionism, Paul Cézanne stands out in heroic dimensions. He was so purely a painter, so original and uncompromising a genius, that we can hardly conceive of the remarkable growth and vitality of contemporary art without the contributions of the lonely figure who is now called the Master of Provence. It is true that his greatness is still fiercely contested in some quarters; it is true that the oafish ignorance of the French press up to the time of his death is still plaintively echoed by American obscurantists; but no one, I fancy, not even his most academic opponents, would deny his importance or underestimate his influence. Wherever art is talked about we hear of Cézanne's canvases—his "planes," his "plastic design," and his "vision"—but of the man himself very little. This deficiency has at last been remedied by an English edition of M. Vollard's book,<sup>1</sup> a captivating biography translated with skill and sense.

M. Vollard is the art-dealer *par excellence*, a French type, not more unscrupulous than the American merchants, but much more patient and intelligent. For years he kept a small shop where he sold pictures; he attached himself to artists, and had the wit to listen to their opinions and to find out what men were destined to eminence. These he collected—Cézanne, Renoir, Degas, Rousseau, Picasso—at times when they were either obscure or in want of money; he exploited their fame, and in the end reaped a harvest. In 1910, when Picasso was nearly starving, M. Vollard bought the contents of his studio for one thousand francs. A few weeks ago he asked an American connoisseur from sixty to a hundred and twenty thousand francs for some of those pictures. It is interesting to note that he no longer has a shop, but does his business in the fashion of a gentleman from his mansion in the Faubourg Saint Germain.

I mention these facts for two reasons: first, because the publisher of the translation, in his introduction, says, "If the reader will bear in mind that Cézanne's success almost wholly depended on the author of this book, he will have a keener interest in M. Vollard than as the biographer of the great French artist." What success? Not financial surely, for Cézanne could scarcely give away his canvases, much less sell them. Not critical—the artist was scorned during his life-

time, and his recent universal recognition can not be attributed to merchants. Perhaps the publisher refers to the enormous prices which men like M. Vollard now receive for pictures that the Master of Provence left lying in his native fields, or allowed to slip out of his hands for nothing. Second, with M. Vollard's career in mind, it will be easier for the reader to appreciate the biographer's attitude towards his subject. Throughout the book Cézanne is treated as an "easy mark"; with affection perhaps, but always with the professional humility and cunning admiration of the sophisticated exploiter. Furthermore, there is no evidence that M. Vollard understands the artist's attainments, or cares to. Aesthetics is no concern of his: it is enough that he was on intimate terms with Cézanne; that he recorded his peculiar habits; submitted patiently to his explosive temperament, and kept his eyes on the pictures. All the same, he has written an excellent and valuable book.

In 1895, when M. Vollard was in possession of a small gallery in the Rue Lafitte, the Government was confronted with the necessity of deciding whether it would accept the Caillebotte bequest for the Luxembourg. Among the paintings were a few by Cézanne; and the department in charge hated Cézanne above all men. A little chicanery was practised; lack of space pleaded; and the canvases of Cézanne, together with a number of Impressionistic pieces, were rejected. M. Vollard, taking advantage of the publicity of the moment, hastily assembled about twenty-five pictures, and through the "good offices of some journalist friends" announced an exhibition of Cézanne's work. The reaction of the public may be seen from this anecdote.

"Another day I heard screams through the door. A young woman was struggling to break away from a man who held her with a grip of steel before a picture of 'Bathers.' I caught this bit of dialogue: 'How could you upset me like this? And I once took a prize in drawing, too!' Then the voice of the man: 'That will teach you to be more respectful to me from now on!' Apparently the husband was compelling his wife to look at the Cézannes by way of punishment."

After the exhibition M. Vollard carefully cultivated Cézanne: he sat for a portrait; journeyed to Aix to visit him; unravelled the pathetic account of the artist's relations with Zola; and with the idea of playing Vasari, collected notes on his habits, methods of work, and so on. All these personal details are chronicled briefly, but in a vivid, popular style that should turn the attention of a large reading public to the art of the most distinguished painter of recent times.

Cézanne's life was devoid of external adventure. He was born at Aix-en-Provence in 1839; and for one of those causes which psychology has never satisfactorily explained, decided as a boy to become an artist. He studied at the Aix Museum, overcame his father's stubborn resistance to his bent, and at the instigation of his friend Zola, went up to Paris. He could not pass the examinations for entrance to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts; but later on was warmly encouraged by Renoir—one of the first to appreciate his gifts—Pissarro, and the other Impressionists. Paris never appealed to him; and he went back each year to Provence to paint alone on his father's magnificent estate. He was represented in a few exhibitions, but having no need to sell his paintings, and seeing that official recognition was hopeless, he retired permanently to the South, and spent the rest of his life trying to "realize his sensations." Fortunately he was spared what would have been in his case the greatest tragedy of all—the pains of getting money.

<sup>1</sup> "Paul Cézanne: His Life and Art." Ambroise Vollard. Authorized translation by Harold L. Van Doren. New York: Nicholas L. Brown, \$3.00.

Cézanne was unable to cope with the practical affairs of the world; he was, in his own language, "so feeble in life," and from the very beginning shunned the hard competitive struggles which Zola faced with courage and resolution. He was first and last a painter; he had no interest in politics; went on painting during the war with Germany as if nothing had happened; and was most contented in the country with his wife and children. He was neurasthenically sensitive—he could hardly endure the grip of his son's hand—and was always afraid that people "would get their hooks into him." His contempt for cheapness in art led him to violent denunciations and uncontrollable fits of temper; at times a curious melancholy assailed him, a black hopelessness not unlike the despondency that used to eat into Dr. Johnson, and he would fall back on the church of Rome; but fundamentally he was an egoist, keenly alive to his own ability. All in all he was an extraordinary character; profound as regards art, in other departments of thought singularly naïve and lacking in intellectual independence. His confidence in his own importance is clearly shown by his aspirations to the Salon de Bouguereau—not that he had any use for "that gang"; he felt that he was entitled to recognition. The gradual dissolution of his friendship with Zola alternately angered and saddened him. M. Vollard unhesitatingly takes the part of Cézanne. It seems to me that both men were at fault. There was no open quarrel, but the fine companionship of the early years slowly disappeared, and in the end resulted in total estrangement. Zola's love for art was only a youthful enthusiasm; the enormous sales of his books turned his head, and he forgot the struggles of the painter; he owned a number of his friend's pictures, but he could not bring himself to hang them—he was inclined to judge art by fashionable successes. Cézanne, on the other hand, detested popular idols; he believed that Zola's gifts had been debauched by commercial advancement, and that the author had viciously maligned him in *L'Œuvre*; and in his isolation he was bitterly unsympathetic with Zola's heroic stand in the Dreyfus case. The whole episode is a striking example of the inability of writers and painters to understand one another.

Cézanne, of all modernists, understood most clearly the meaning of great art. His occasional utterances on painting are pregnant with æsthetic truth. He said, for instance, that "Monet was only an eye, but good Lord, what an eye!" "What's wanted is to do Poussin over again from nature." "Everything in nature is a cylinder or a cube." He defined his own aims as the desire "to make of Impressionism something as durable and solid as the masterpieces of the museums." It is not important at present to speculate on his final position; but we can safely say that he is one of the most significant painters since Rembrandt. Some of his successors, instead of profiting by his spiritual message, have elaborated his technical methods and are trying to produce an art by pure mechanics. In support of their unintelligible contrivances, these young zealots argue that modern art is not a continuation of the art of the past, and that Cézanne's idiom should not be judged by standards applicable to the Renaissance masterpieces, but by an entirely new set of laboratory rules. As if the workings of the imagination, and the fundamental principles of æsthetics have been altered and overthrown by recent psychological discoveries of an essentially technical nature!

Unquestionably Cézanne did not strive to duplicate the masters whom he so faithfully studied in the Louvre; his method was derived from Impressionism

—objects were constructed by sequences of coloured planes, and not modelled in the classic sense. I agree with those critics who insist that he did not succeed in creating a tri-dimensional world, that his plans overlap, and that he took liberties with perspective. But these points are technical and beside the issue. One does not expect a modern dramatist to use Elizabethan diction because he studies and admires Shakespeare. Cézanne recognized the limitations of Impressionism; he disapproved equally of the followers of Manet; he knew that all great painting is a product of the mind and imagination; and conscious that the museum-paintings, as he called them, were based upon eternal principles, he undertook to restore the supremacy of classic art. That he was unable to achieve complete design in three dimensions is no argument against his intentions; nor does it mean that he failed to leave us a large number of rich and beautiful canvases.

He worked slowly and with infinite pains; he suffered innumerable trials and disappointments, and in his merciless wrath destroyed many of his pictures. In painting M. Vollard's portrait, he demanded one hundred and fifteen sittings during which the subject was obliged to remain in absolute petrification; ultimately the task was discontinued—Cézanne's only comment was, "The front of the shirt is not bad." His difficulty in "realizing his sensations," in giving plastic life and convincing reality to his experiences, was not owing to any want of skill in handling the medium. It is a common belief that his work is grotesque, "distorted," and "crude" because he was a clumsy craftsman, an unwarranted belief; for academic painters who love the surface qualities of pigments have approved this aspect of his work. The trouble arose from two sources: the tradition of painting as an imaginative art had long been broken; his conceptions matured slowly in a mind that was insecure and groping.

THOMAS CRAVEN.

#### ENGLAND IN DISTRESS.

MR. CHARLES MASTERMAN, who was a member of Mr. Asquith's Government, is an eminent and skilful diagnostician. Fifteen years ago, as he reminds us, he wrote a book on the condition of England, an exposition of the social body that was then believed to be in process of redemption through Mr. Lloyd George's social programme. It contained a chapter on the "Illusion of Security," which the author is justified in quoting to-day as not vaguely but definitely prophetic. The method in the former as in the present book<sup>1</sup> is the same, a method of rapid and keen analysis. Mr. Masterman passes in review most of the larger changes of these catastrophic years. He notes the almost universal wreckage, and affirms that not a single good cause has been enriched by the war. More vividly than any other writer he describes the transformation of English country life; the disappearance of almost the last vestiges of feudalism, the irruption of the new rich, with their unknown character and unrevealed relation to rural society, and the desperate straits to which the impoverished gentry are being driven. Mr. Masterman is even more detailed and pointed when he discusses the plight of the middle classes under the intensified servitude of the present hard conditions. I know nothing better in its way than his picture of a respectable suburb on the outer rim of London, a vast parasitic district, unable to produce anything for itself and utterly dependent upon the commerce and finance of the metropolis, into which its men and a great part of its women are sucked every morning. This *petit bourgeoisie* was, gen-

<sup>1</sup> "England After War," C. F. G. Masterman. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$2.00.

erally speaking, not materially bettered during the years of war. To-day it is fighting a losing battle. Its children have to compete with the children of the higher working classes, who are better fitted for the newer jobs, and in thousands of cases better equipped through the schools and technical institutes. Fearing and despising the working class, and loathing organized labour, of which it knows almost nothing, disheartened by the piteous shifts to which it is reduced by the fight to retain its conventions of respectability, it is the most depressed section of the English community—with one exception. That exception is the lower grade of the labouring class which, lacking the strength of the great trade unions, is being mercilessly thrust down by the pressure of post-war conditions. The "return of the abyss" is the phrase used by Mr. Masterman to describe this most portentous phenomenon of present-day England, namely: the resurgence of that mass of industrial poverty which, for the first time since the advent of industrialism, was effectually cast off during a spell of five amazing years. Here was in truth the one comparatively bright aspect of the war for humanity as the English people knew it.

Two specific faults I find with this brilliant and informed picture of a state of social being that is destined (if anything in this world is plainly destined) to pass away in storm; and neither of the two seems to me quite pardonable in a writer of so undeniable a talent.

The first is specifically acknowledged and defended by Mr. Masterman himself. It is that his account of England is purely critical. He has no remedy; he proposes no scheme; he avows no faith. Indeed, he demands to know why he should be required to do any of these things. The answer can hardly be less plain to him than it will be to the more discerning of his American readers. It is distressing, it is surely absurd that a man like Mr. Masterman, who all his life has been associated with a positive school of thought and belief, should in surveying our present miseries be able to indicate no principle of hope or creative recovery. He describes the Church as 'being in the doldrums; and he is compelled, in noting its confusion and impotence, to use strong terms. But he is himself an idealist, a Christian. He is with the Church. That is to say, he is in possession of a creed, a conception of human life and destiny, which he holds to be complete and final, but which, as we are to infer, avails him little or nothing in the break-up of a world. To some among us this is a singular, an inexplicable thing; or—should one say?—explicable only on the assumption that the Christian pessimist is inwardly upborne by some kind of Messianic belief. But Mr. Masterman must beware. In a few years he may have to confess himself as belonging to the party of the Duke of Northumberland in England or of Henry Cabot Lodge in America.

The second fault I remark is no less noticeable. There is hardly a word in the book about Young England. There is not, I think, a reference to, or quotation from, any man under forty; or a mention of any group or movement created by young men and women since the general overturn. When Mr. Masterman comes to look over the nation's spiritual resources as embodied in its popular artists and teachers, he is impelled to discuss the men who had said their say, or nearly all of it, before 1914. True, some three-quarters of a million of young men were lost to England during the war. But three millions at least escaped, and an equal number of lads have since grown to manhood. Of that England Mr. Masterman must know a good deal; but he does not tell us anything. It would be interesting to learn whether what he does know of it makes him any less fearful than he now is as a result of his survey of the wreck accomplished by the middle-aged.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

## AN UNWILLING DECADENT.

I CALL Mr. Walter de la Mare an unwilling decadent because, after reading his latest volume of short stories,<sup>1</sup> I have been struck with the wealth of decadent inspiration in them; decadent inspiration thwarted at every turn, not by a contrary artistic impulse, but, what was surely not worth while, by sheer respectability. He has a capacity for evoking horror with a hint of bestiality in it: like all decadents he sees fissures in the countenances of ordinary people and ordinary events which let in that unconscious terror which is one of the most fundamental nihilistic doubts which can be thrown upon life; he has even the minor attributes of the decadent—a preference for whatever is fragile rather than robust in the beautiful, and an excessively decorative style. I select two quotations at random to show the completeness of his equipment as a decadent writer. "And like the draperies of a proscenium, the fringed and valanced damask curtains on either side of the two high windows poured down their motionless cataract of crimson." Has not that an extravagant opulence which one might expect to find in Wilde? "And as Mr. Sully stood for an instant in close contact with his old crony in the accentuated darkness of the mock-marble porch, it was just as if a scared rabbit had scurried out of Mr. Eave's long white face." Does not that give genuinely the horror of a decadent vision of life, a vision no doubt true, but one-sided, morbid? This horror is accentuated by Mr. de la Mare's selection of characters; there is a disproportionate number with long white faces, a type which obviously interests the author. Finally, his themes are such as only a decadent writer would have chosen. There is a study of Miss Duveen, a poor, insane creature; of Mrs. Seaton, who is evil to the verge of insanity; of Jimmie, who lives precariously on the edge of madness; of a painter, also almost mad, who is gradually corrupted by the malignant power of a strange tree in his garden which he paints again and again and at last destroys; of Mr. Eave, who dreams "every blessed night" that the "state after death" is "just the same," and who dies in his sleep. There, one can see at a glance, is real matter for the inspiration of a decadent artist; and Mr. de la Mare uses it indeed with extraordinary skill and force.

With decadence in art, as long as it is sincere, no one to-day will quarrel very much; it is for all of us a new light on the puzzle of life, and its sincerity (as long as it is sincere) is the best safeguard against its working moral harm. Baudelaire was a great writer in whom we can not but admire the honesty with which he followed his morbid genius. Poe was all but a great writer, and it would take, all things considered, a very illiberal critic or a very blind moralist to throw stones at him. There is nothing æsthetically displeasing in the morbidity of these writers; but in Mr. de la Mare's morbidity there is something æsthetically displeasing.

It is the conjunction of his decadent vision of life with a strict respectability, almost with a sort of comfortableness. We know that in a writer who sees things to the last degree baffling and horrible behind the reassuring appearances of life, respectability must be either a mask or a weakness; and that feeling Mr. de la Mare's work does give one. It is strange that an artist so sensitive should leave an impression of almost Victorian insensitiveness, of that insensitiveness which can, in comfort, let its flesh creep rather than be more humanly moved by the last extremes of occult psychological horror. Presented thus insensitively, the horrible loses half its force, loses all its meaning, and almost all its beauty. Horror, we know, when we are not deceived by artificial

<sup>1</sup>"The Riddle and Other Tales." Walter de la Mare. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

modes, is indecent, and the writer who presents it decently offends us twice over; so that Mr. de la Mare's morbidity and respectability conjoin to produce an atmosphere far more unpleasant than that of pure horror, an atmosphere more stuffy and more graveyardlike than any other writer has achieved since the Victorian era. His scenes are sometimes like nothing more than a curious mixture of Wilkie Collins and Dostoevsky. He loses half the beauty of his vision by his respectability, his narrowness of mind, his stuffiness. It is a pity; for the things he has done brilliantly can not be done supremely well except by a writer frankly decadent.

Yet after all these criticisms have been made, the book remains one of the few of our time which will be read by one or two more generations. There are three stories in it, indeed, which may well take their place among the best short stories of modern times. "Seaton's Aunt" is an immensely skilful exercise in atmosphere, with a genuine evocation of occult horror; "Out of the Deep" is, except for an irritating opening, almost as good; and the study of the insane old woman in "Miss Duveen" is the best thing in the book. Mr. de la Mare's prose style, if a little overloaded for good prose, is always finished and sometimes beautiful. There are lapses from the general excellence he has attempted: the first two stories are sentimental with a lusciousness which most people to-day must find difficult to stomach. "Lispet, Lispet and Vaine" is tiresome, false, with a continuous attempt to be arch, which, even if it does not come off, is very trying; and "The Three Friends" is simply a pretty, gruesome idea nicely dished up. But the three tales I have mentioned have greater truth and beauty than Mr. de la Mare has ever achieved in poetry. His genius is unmistakable, although it has been half-smothered under the weight of a belated Victorianism; but one feels that in happier circumstances it might have made him a writer of the rank of Poe.

EDWIN MUIR.

### AMERICAN REGIONALISM.

ONE of the most interesting and pathetic features of much American literature is its insistence, not upon what is universal and peculiar to the United States as a whole, but only upon what is accidental and transitory, some freak of local colour. Regionalism, which is explainable and allowable in European countries where large communities have lived until very recently without means of communication, and separated by geographical and linguistic barriers from one another, has paradoxically taken root in a country which is in large sections geographically uniform, and the growth of which has coincided mainly with the development of modern industrialism. To take an example from France, Maurice Barrés, Francis Jammes, and Anatole France are all in a sense regionalists, widely varying in political, religious and other opinions, and yet they have sufficient traits in common to enable us to recognize them all as Frenchmen. The superiority of Anatole France over the other two is due to the fact that he is more profoundly French than they are, that his imagination is more central to the life-experience of his race, and therefore more inclusive of all shades of the French temperament. But in America, what is the connecting link between such writers as Joel Chandler Harris, James Whitcomb Riley, and Bret Harte? Except for the fact that all use the same language, or some dialect recognizably derived therefrom, they might all be inhabiting different worlds. To read them is to picture America as a land of bewildering variety and richness of life. The drab realism of Dreiser or Anderson is, as we all know, far more near to the true atmosphere of mental stagnation

and spiritual starvation in which most Americans have to live.

I have recently seen three books which admirably exhibit the virtues and the besetting sins of American regionalism. Two of them are books of poetry, and the third is a book of poetical theory. Mr. Wilbert Snow's book<sup>1</sup> deals with the life of the Maine quarries and fishing-towns; Messrs. Heyward and Allen's<sup>2</sup> with the life of South Carolina; Mrs. Austin's<sup>3</sup> with the life of the Indian tribes beyond the Rockies. Each takes some section of the American scene and magnifies it, presents it to the gaze as something humanly significant, universally important; and none of the three succeeds in making out a clear case for the regionalism that they uphold.

Of the three, Mr. Snow's book carries with it most conviction. It is obvious that he has more complete sympathy with the life he sets out to describe, and this sympathy enables him to show its profound human significance under all accidents of local colour. Such poems as, for example, "The Quarry," "The Return," "Mail Time," "The Eagle," have the value of direct transcripts from experience. But it is obvious that Mr. Snow could never have written without Mr. Frost's hand to guide his pen; and that, compared to Mr. Frost, he has as little sense of significant phrase and style as Crabbe has when compared to Wordsworth. He has the fatal habit of trusting too much to stark simplicity of utterance to carry him through, with the result that there is scarcely a poem here that could not be shortened to advantage, and scarcely a single line in the book that remains indelibly and finally in the memory after his book is closed. Yet in intention, if not in achievement, his book is a welcome addition to American poetry.

Messrs. Heyward and Allen's book is, alas! another story. The life they have to deal with is the life of the Old South as it has persisted round and about Charleston since the Civil War. But, like all Southerners, they have looked on this life from the purely sentimental point of view; they have been more concerned with its bygone picturesqueness of detail than with its terrible, tragic futility as a whole. Since 1865, to live in the South has been a tragedy for the white man as for the black: for the white race has shown itself incapable of accepting life except on the old terms, which implied the social and intellectual subjection of the black; and the black has discovered that an economic liberation which leaves its social and intellectual inferiority untouched, is the purest of illusions. Of this tragedy Messrs. Heyward and Allen give us nothing. Instead, they prattle pleasantly of Negro superstition and the bells of St. Michael's. They are extremely good descriptive journalists, but extremely bad poets. The material they have to offer is far richer than Mr. Snow's: their attitude towards it is deferentially timid in its incomprehension. Their book tells us nothing except that courage—even courage to admit that you are beaten—is the greatest of virtues in an artist, as it is in life.

Mrs. Austin does not lack courage, nor does she lack knowledge and sympathy with her special subject, which is the American Indian; but what she does lack is a sense of proportion, or, as others might call it, a sense of humour. She doubtless knows and understands the Indian as well as anyone; but when she leaps to the monstrous conclusion that merely because the Indian happened to be living in America before the white man came, and merely because the Indian had his own rhythm in poetry, the early pioneers were unconsciously influenced to

<sup>1</sup> "Maine Coast." Wilbert Snow. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$1.75.

<sup>2</sup> "Carolina Chansons." Du Bose Heyward and Hervey Allen. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.25.

<sup>3</sup> "The American Rhythm." Mary Austin. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. \$1.60.

the same rhythms as the Indian, and hence the verbal parallelism of Lincoln's Gettysburg address, hence *vers libre*, Imagism, and so forth; when she leaps to this conclusion, it is surely time to call a halt. Mrs. Austin has become pompous and pretentious; and her pretentiousness affects not only her main idea, but even her verbal utterance, which has become quite oracular and sibylline. I agree with her that there is such a thing as the American rhythm, utterly distinct from the English, or the French, or the German. Only this rhythm is not Indian, nor does it owe anything to the Red Men. Owing to the rapidity with which the United States has changed its mode of existence in the last thirty or forty years, owing to the speed with which it has developed externally, there is, omnipresent in the American mind, a desire to quicken the pulse of experience, to syncopate experience. This desire fully explains *vers libre* and Imagism, as Mrs. Austin does not. The most valuable parts of her book are the translations and adaptations from Indian material which appear at the close, which are interesting poetically, not because they are American but because they are themselves. I defy any modern American poet to imitate them or even to feel them. In themselves they provide the most complete refutation necessary of her own theory.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

### THE ARBITER AND ENGLISH ELEGANCE.

THE number of translators who have had the inclination, or the courage, to devote their labours to the "Satyricon" of C. Petronius Arbiter is far from proportional to the eagerness with which commentators on Roman literature fall upon that remarkable work when in speculative or disputatious mood. The most cursory historian will mention passages in the various manuscripts which he considers to be spurious; he will discuss the authenticity of the Codex Traguriensis and the forgeries of Nodot; he will usually state a belief that Tacitus was making an intentional pun on Petronius's *cognomen* when he described the Neronian aesthete of that name as "*elegantiae arbiter*." For all that, until the year 1913, when the Loeb edition by Mr. Heseltine was first published, no English translation of the work had been made since 1708, though several versions of the Trimalchio fragment alone had appeared on both sides of the Atlantic.

The known history of the "Satyricon" manuscripts is certainly interesting enough to justify speculation and disputes about the many points that remain still unknown. The absolutely sure starting-point must be placed as late as the middle of the seventeenth century, though isolated passages (e. g. the story of the Matron of Ephesus) were known long enough before that time to have been translated into French around 1200 A. D., and to have been referred to by Johannes Parvus (of Salisbury in Wiltshire) during his existence in the twelfth century; while the *carmen de bello civili* was known and used in schools as early as the ninth century. But the real history begins only with a disputed date about 1650, when a Frenchman discovered at Trau, a small town in Dalmatia, the manuscript which has now come to be considered a genuine fragment. The new material, on its first appearance, was denounced as fraudulent; but this was the fault of a zealous but misguided Italian publisher who prematurely brought out a garbled edition for popular consumption: the authorized Paris edition was as persuasive to dissenting scholars as the evident age of the newly discovered manuscript was to its discoverer. Afterwards many ingenious attempts at forgery were made by mediæval and late Latinists, but detection or confession of the imposture always followed. So the text as we have it remains an incomplete but coherent narrative, constituting probably the fifteenth and sixteenth books of the original.

It is convenient and proper to speak of the "Satyricon" as a novel. That designation is at least preferable to the term which the rhetoricians make use of: *satira Menippea* is an admirable tag, but it can mean very little so long as the works of Menippus remain as lost to posterity as they at present are. Even "novel" might mean nothing definite without added reference to the two very different sorts of novelist whose different methods, appearing strangely mingled in the "Satyricon," are the only justification for calling Petronius a novelist at all. The eighteenth-century picaresque could scarcely find a remoter antipode than the modern Proustian; yet the breakneck speed of Encolpius's adventures is mitigated only by just that leisured readiness to pause for a digression on literature or snobbery or painting or physiology which Proust has elevated to the plane of a literary virtue. A further specious colour is perhaps lent to this charge of resemblance between Proust and Petronius by their common Hellenic devotion to *le mot cher aux anciens Grecs*—"Wilde's love that dare not speak its name."

This modernity of Petronius is a theme on which Professor Mitchell<sup>1</sup> has a good deal to say in his Introduction, since it is by making the most of this quality in the translation that he hopes also to make his material most acceptable to the reader. Of the words of Petronius in the opening chapters on the decline of oratory Professor Mitchell says that "with suitable variations they might well be found in the columns of the *Times* literary supplement or the *Athenæum*." Of the two long poems, "Troiae Halosis" and "Bellum Civile," it might equally well be said that they perform for ancient literature one of the same questionable services performed for modern literature by Mr. Joyce's "Ulysses": that of reducing reputable styles to absurdity. Petronius's victims were Virgil and Lucan: a list of Mr. Joyce's would be a tedious compilation.

The greatest problem of the translator of Petronius doubtless falls under the general subject, to a discussion of which Professor Mitchell devotes several pages, of the "Morals of the Book." He says: "It is a great misfortune that the 'Satyricon' with its wealth of interest, should contain so much that is alien to modern taste. One passage has been omitted altogether, and a number of other passages have been left in the original Latin. In many other cases the translation represents the original in a modified form. Such devices, unsatisfactory though they are, can not reasonably be avoided, and it is hoped that the result will be excused on the score of public decency." Anyone who is familiar with the most unrestrained passages in question will not hasten to condemn Professor Mitchell's scruples: no English-speaking publisher has ever been known to commit the indiscretion of presenting a complete Petronius in anything but a limited edition for subscribers only—but Professor Mitchell scarcely has this excuse since his publisher's presses were in Nimeguen, Holland. On the other hand, such an eclectic method as that followed by Professor Mitchell tends to produce an anthology rather than a translation. A rendering of Petronius, one would suppose, ought above all else to reveal in full clearness the recurring theme which gives to the book whatever unity it may have: that pseudo-Odyssean theme, conceived in a fantastic spirit of parody:

*Me quoque per terras, per cani Nereos æquor  
Hellepontiaci sequitur gravis ira Priapi.*

In the hands of Professor Mitchell the Priapic wrath subsides almost to invisibility: not content with totally omitting even the Latin version of at least one passage and with leaving in the Latin the edifying chapters in which

<sup>1</sup> "The Satyricon." Petronius. Translated by J. M. Mitchell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$3.00.

Quartilla figures so importantly and the tragic "courtship" of Eumolpus with his masterly refrain "*aut dormi aut ego jam dicam patri*," he renders, for example, a harmless phrase like *inguinum pondus tam grande* by calling it "lusty manhood."

But there is always a place for readable translation, even if it is also no more than fragmentary. Although it may be hard to see why Professor Mitchell chose to alter Giton's name from its Petronian spelling in the affectionate Greek neuter form to its hard Latinized equivalent of Gito, it is still a pleasure to feel grateful to him for his success in catching in translation some of the gay and irresponsible informality of the original.

HANSELL BAUGH.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

MR. MASEFIELD's latest play, "Melloney Holtspur, or the Pangs of Love,"<sup>1</sup> is, on the whole, even worse, as a play, than "The Tragedy of Nan." Like the latter, it is not a small play, exactly; but it is a bad one, even if it has nothing in it quite so pathetically high-falutin' as Nan's "There be three times, Dick, when no woman can speak. Beautiful times. When 'er 'ears her lover, when 'er gives herself, and when 'er little one is born." "Melloney Holtspur" is, to begin with, less affecting in a human way; for Mr. Masefield's new heroine never 'ears 'er lover, Laurence Copshrew, at all—at any rate, never to the extent of giving herself into his false keeping. One remarkable device in this play is the periodic rumbling out of "Another Hour" and "Another Day is Dead" on the part of old Sir Tirrold Holtspur who is dead himself in his family armour and consequently ought to be silent. The worst habit with which Mr. Masefield has invested his new heroine is her solo complaint, at regular intervals, that "The pleasure of love lasts only a moment," etc. ("*plaisir d'amour*"); and as if this were not enough, the hero is allowed (or rather driven) to bring his love-drama to a climax with the following words: "I am a rotten blackguard. Now, then, toss up. Heads, I go to the Isles of Greece. Tails, I join the Foreign Legion." The play has its fine moments, but the weaknesses of its general make-up are overwhelming.

L. C. W.

THE hero of Mr. Bodenheim's novel, "Blackguard,"<sup>2</sup> must have had a foreshadowing of his fate when he says, two-thirds of the way through the book, "With most people talk is a weak, thin wine. They drink endless cups of it and at last they become mildly intoxicated. I prefer to achieve drunkenness with less effort." But the novelist must have turned a deaf ear to the preferences of his hero, and pressed the cup to his lips once more. The central character of Mr. Bodenheim's feverish narrative talks himself into incredibility; he goes from one conversational debauch to another—a tippler at home and a toper abroad, until one discovers that he is not a person at all, but a poetic dummy on a ventriloquist's knee. It is clear that Mr. Bodenheim believes that there is too much chatter and too little fearless living in this world, but it can not be said that he has whittled down the superabundance of the former in "Blackguard." There is the spirit of a healthy revolt in these pages, and many flashes of fine passionate writing, but there are other times when the story should be allowed to tell itself—without the aid of a verbal monkey-wrench thrown into the machinery.

L. B.

WHOEVER may have wished, some little time back, to take his way straight to the centre of the Celtic nature, might have done so by going through Mr. John Cowper Powys's "Visions and Revisions," a volume of literary essays put forth under certain disadvantages seven or eight years ago. The same goal may be reached to-day through the reprint of a similar volume,<sup>3</sup> introduced by Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn and better proofread. Only it happens that this collection of "Suspended Judgments" is more nearly a phalanx of Ardent

Loyalities. Fealty, with the flaming Celt, is readily engaged; often, indeed, it forms his preferred basis of action. Not for nothing is Mr. Powys of Welsh extraction and of bardic proclivities. Under the propulsion of poetic fervour he strikes the high key, develops a fecund fluency, and manifests a strong disposition towards hero-worship. Hence a book of skyscapes rather than of landscapes; a matter rather of sweeping wind and swirling cloud than of an ever definite reference to the solid earth below. The fervour, too, engenders a facile rhetoric that is not always completely fused with the matter itself. We have, in full measure, the glancing allusion, the net widespread for quotations, the frequent presence of the ready exclamation-point. Ten of the eighteen papers deal sympathetically with French authors, recent or less recent. One of the best is on Remy de Gourmont, whose attitude, in a happy phrase, "is always that of the great amateur, never of the little professional." Mr. Powys does not invariably propel you through space, but he can usually make you tingle where you stand.

H. B. F.

THE critical part of Dr. Josey's "The Social Philosophy of Instinct"<sup>1</sup> is full of discrimination, and he makes some of the accredited psychologists of our time appear so ridiculous that we begin to wonder how on earth they came to be taken seriously. On Messrs. McDougall, Hocking, McIndoo and Trotter he is immensely interesting and quite convincing, with an occasional touch of academic wit. The book is a fundamental criticism of a general theory of instinct which, one in essence, has been expressed in three ways. It was expressed first very simply. When the savage felt an impulse to act in a certain way, he attributed it to the influence of his ancestors, who were counselling him from the grave. Then came more enlightened philosophers who, rising over primitive superstition, attributed the impulse to God. God it was who determined that men would act so as to serve their good; and it was God who arranged things in such a manner that, when men acted in a way calculated to give them pleasure, pleasure did, in fact, accompany their action. With the triumph of the theory of evolution still another theory of the instincts was discovered. Now it was held that, when individuals acted in a certain way, it was because in their struggle for existence the human race had before acted in the same way, or, indeed, in a different way, for the evolutionists seem to allow themselves all the latitude of that generous theory. Thorndike, for example, has discovered that parents "tease" their children to-day because their ancestors long ago hunted wild beasts in the forest: a delightful notion, calculated to bring joy to the hearts of psychologists. All these theories, Dr. Josey points out, have two characteristics: they give an impersonal sanction to the instincts; they explain the behaviour of the individual by something which one can not study psychologically. His criticism here is thorough, and he clears out of the way a host of extravagant hypotheses among which professors of psychology, and others who might have known better, have wallowed with a total lack of intellectual self-respect for quite a time. His positive conclusion, very reasonable, very interesting, is hardly one, however, which will convince anybody accustomed to note the power and incomprehensibility of his instincts. Rationally it is superior to any of the theories which Dr. Josey criticizes, but it brings no conviction to the imagination; it covers, even less adequately than these, the living fact. Dr. Josey's theory is that instinct is not a force stored up in us, and waiting for the conditions which will "release" it; but that it "arises" continuously as the result of the interaction of the individual and a shifting environment; is produced, indeed, somewhat as a chemical solution is produced. Here, it seems to me, he withdraws himself prematurely from that line of imaginative inquiry into the mind which of late years, though it has given birth to many absurdities, has at the same time widened the horizon enormously; and shuts himself up, at a time perplexing but hopeful, in a barren intellectuality. As a critic he is finely equipped; but his positive theorizing, powerful as it is, one can only regard as an aberration from the stream of tendency to which, inevitably, the most intelligent of mankind must give themselves for a time.

E. M.

<sup>1</sup> "Melloney Holtspur, or the Pangs of Love." John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup> "Blackguard." Maxwell Bodenheim. Chicago: The Covici-McGee Co. \$2.00.

<sup>3</sup> "Suspended Judgments." John Cowper Powys. New York: American Library Service. \$3.00.

<sup>1</sup> "The Social Philosophy of Instinct." Charles Conant Josey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

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